



KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR

ALASKA

Alaska—more than twice the size of Texas, one-fifth that of continental

United States—has a population ratio of one person for each 2.8 square miles.

A sprawling giant, totaling 586,400 square miles, it measures 1,341 miles from southeast-point Ketchikan to Barrow at the tiptop; 893 miles from Yakutat, near Canada's border, to Nome, on the Bering Sea.

Still farther west extends the flying ponytail of the Aleutians; two more-northerly islands are within sight of Siberia.

Bought by the U.S.A. from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000, Alaska was voted admittance as the forty-ninth state by Congress on June 30, 1958.

YOUR NEIGHBOR IN ALASKA IS A MAN OF MANY FACES

Look at him one way, he is

- An Eskimo—picturesque in parka, expert in hunting seal, caribou, whale. Or a Tsimshian or Haida Indian, steeped in totem-pole lore.

Look at him another, he is

- A jet pilot on the polar cap run. Or a lonely technician on the DEW line of radar spot-points beading the Arctic.
- A man in the salmon trade, quick of hand in hauling in a laden net, knife-deft in the cannery.
- A mid-century sourdough drawn northward by the chance for big wages—on a highway crew, a construction project, a mining job.
- A worker in one of the two new multi-million-dollar pulp mills. Or a lumberman axe-nibbling at Alaska's wealth of untouched timber.
- A housewife who spends the hours-long winter days battling the chill of her small wanigan (shack), coping with astronomical living costs.
- A normal American who wears business suits and drip-dry shirts.

Whoever or wherever he is, your Church is—or is trying to be—in touch with him. "Our job," says the dedicated skipper of a Presbyterian mission boat, "is to get the preacher to the people."

PRESBYTERIANS IN ALASKA

Presbyterian work began in Alaska while the U.S. flag flying there was still new. Missionary Paul Bunyans—with heroic names like Sheldon Jackson, S. Hall Young, Vene G. Gambell—started the first schools, plodded with prospectors over the Klondike trail, braved frigid off-coast islands when supply ships came a year's span apart.

No less heroic, today's mission force buffets distance and indifference to push forward Church advances in step with the quick march of a new state. As changes prod the sleeping giant of the North, 125 Presbyterian ministers, teachers, parish workers, and children's leaders find work cut out for a Church committed to "stand fast in the midst of change." Their mission can be classed . . .

. . . by type of work—churches and preaching



Eskimo girls find friendly counsel in Fairbanks.

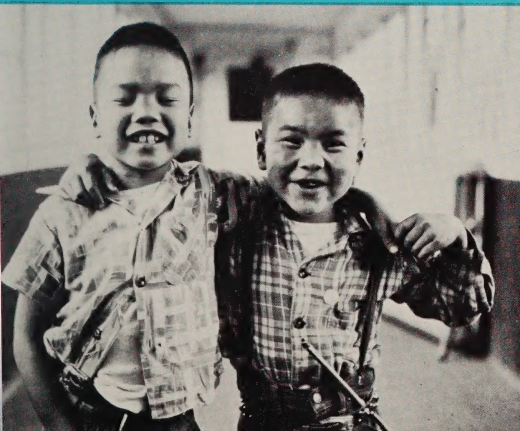
girls new to the ways of the city with its neon-lighted bars and high unwed-mother rate.

From a base in Juneau, a missionary caseworker co-ordinates efforts of juvenile authorities, children's families, pastors, and Haines House. *Family-style living* turns Haines House, in south-east Alaska, into a real home for forty youngsters.

LOOK AHEAD TO STATEHOOD

Sheldon Jackson Junior College in Sitka, the only junior college with a boarding unit, helps mold Eskimo, Indian, and other youngsters into the kind of leaders needed in the forty-ninth state. As population climbs upward, as economic breakthroughs bring new business to Alaska, Church and school stand ready to make new thrusts as needed.

Haines House children are a healthy, happy family.





Missionary-on-wheels stops at isolated points.

points, ministry to servicemen, schools, and welfare programs;

... by way of travel. Like the Marines, missionaries get to the people

“on the land
by the sea
in the air.”

ON THE LAND

Twenty-seven mission churches—five of the new state's thirty-two Presbyterian congregations are self-supporting—serve the spiritual needs of Alaska's scattered people.

A *highway chaplain* telescopes 500 miles of the Alaska Highway and its branches into a parish. From a chapel at Tok Junction, the missionary-on-wheels moves out to construction camps and trailer clusters for home services, family talk-it-overs, and children's classes.

Part-Indian pastor broadcasts in native Thlingit.



The pastor of *the world's longest church*, the 252-mile Railbelt congregation, freights church life to mines, junction points, and new missile sites along the Alaska Railroad.

ON THE SEA

A floating church, the mission ship *Anna Jackman*, and her older but still useful sister, the *Princeton-Hall*, churn through the waters of southeast Alaska to connect water-bound outposts with a lifeline of faith. Carrying a minister, they tie up at logging camps, weather stations, far-from-church villages and homes—gather residents to hear the word of God.

IN THE AIR

The minister missionary of the 561-member church at Barrow relies on a plane, the *Arctic Messenger III*, to shrink the miles between home base and scattered Eskimo camps. Covering the same area is a chaplain, utility-company employed but Air-Force sponsored, who has Presbyterian cooperation in keeping touch with the men of the DEW line.

On the air in a different sense, Station KSEW, Sitka, beams the message of the gospel out over the airwaves, along with good music and other community service programs.

MINISTRY TO SERVICEMEN

A "link in Alaska with home," *Presbyterian Life* calls the Church's ministry to servicemen—important because the area's key position in military strategy has pulled thousands of uniformed men to Anchorage, Fairbanks, and interior Alaska. Civilian chaplains—and in Anchorage a woman parish visitor—knock at the doors of military families living off base and make them welcome in the life of the Church.

BECAUSE WE CARE

Change is the signal button calling for new types of ministry in Alaska population centers. Fishermen who drift into town with the dwindling of the salmon catch must be given a church welcome. Eskimos from the frigid north are invading cities like Fairbanks for jobs; their coming invites counseling and fellowship. Through its *hospitality house* in Fairbanks, the First Presbyterian Church offers a haven of friendship for young Eskimo

HOW'S YOUR NEIGHBORLINESS-QUOTIENT?

Your neighbors find time to think of each other.
How about you?

Servicemen swell Alaska's roll call. Have you helped young travelers pack churchmanship along?

Alaska statehood will heap responsibility upon an estimated 210,000 people. Have you a brother's concern for their religious outlook?

"You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and will all your soul, and with all your mind . . . And . . . you shall love your neighbor as yourself."

Big Delta Church welcomes transient neighbors.



**BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
UNITED PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH
IN THE U.S.A.**

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BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS



SHELDON JACKSON SCHOOL
Sitka, Alaska
Co-educational Boarding School

Location and History

Sitka is located on Baranoff Island, Southeastern Alaska, in a setting acknowledged as one of the most beautiful in the world: "To the westward Mount Edgecombe lifts its perfect cone. . . .; to the northward Harbor Peak lifts its signal to mariners; the Sisters, with a gleam of snow and ice among their pinnacles, lie in the distance of Indian River; to the eastward is the arrowhead of Mount Verstovia."

In 1800 Alexander Baranoff founded the post of Archangel Gabriel, six miles north of Sitka. During an absence the Indians attacked the post, massacred the men and carried the women and children away as slaves. Upon his return, after defeating the Indians, Baranoff established the settlement of New Archangel, the present town of Sitka. Sitka was the seat of Russian Government and for a time was the Capital of American Alaska.

It is reached by the Pacific Steamship Company and the Alaska Steamship Company sailing from Seattle weekly during the tourist season, and by the Pacific Steamship Company at least once a month during the winter.

1880—Mission day school opened in Government

guard house. A few boys begged to live at the school and in order to do this provided their own food and bedding. 1882—School building erected under the direction of Sheldon Jackson.

1884—Home for girls moved from Fort Wrangel to Sitka and a second home built, Mrs. McFarland, principal. The united schools formed the beginning of the Sitka Industrial and Training School.

1909—School thoroughly equipped for industrial and academic work, named Sheldon Jackson School in honor of Sheldon Jackson, "pioneer organizer and missionary, by whose foresight property had been secured and through whose untiring effort and wholesome enthusiasm the buildings had been erected, the equipment furnished and the work maintained."

1918—The school plant comprises four dormitories, designed to accommodate one hundred and fifty pupils, a school building containing a gymnasium, a central heating plant with steam laundry attached, the industrial building containing machine and carpenter shop and hydro-electric power plant, and the print shop. Besides these buildings, there are the Sheldon Jackson Museum, a practice cottage, three cottages for the families of the married workers and the Thlinget Presbyterian Church.

1921—First high school class graduated.

1926—Number enrolled, 122.

Course of Study and Facts of Interest

The course of study comprises the usual graded course of instruction from the fifth grade through high school. Along with the grade work the pupils receive a thorough industrial education. This means sewing, cooking, laundry and housework for the girls, and carpenter, machine, electric, and print shop work for the boys. The

course offered in the carpenter shop is intended to train for accurate work with hammer, saw, and plane, which equipment most of them will own some day. The first aim is to train the boys to do simple repair work around their homes; the second, to develop in the carpenter trade all who show talent and preference for woodwork. This course includes boat-building. Shop work consists in training the pupils in the proper use of the lathe, shaper, drill press, and the various hand tools used in connection with machine shop work. The school electric plant furnishes opportunity for the boys to become acquainted with a modern water wheel, generators, switchboards, motors, electric heaters and wiring devices. Repairs and extensions are undertaken by the boys under the supervision of the instructor. A well-equipped printshop is the laboratory for instruction in typesetting and presswork. The school paper, "The Verstovian," is a monthly demonstration of what is learned by the boys in this course.

Of first importance in the training of the Alaskan children is their spiritual and physical education. To this end Bible instruction is given in all the grades and systematic physical training, under competent directors, required of all pupils.

During the summer months the older pupils are employed in the salmon canneries or on the fishing boats supplying the canneries. The younger pupils remain at the school for the summer course of study, which is a modification of the winter course arranged to strengthen the pupils in their weaker points. Camping, picnics and other special features enter into the summer life of the children. These provide change of environment and sufficient variety of activities to keep up the spirits of the girls and boys and to maintain their health.

"One of the events of the year was a tour to neighboring towns by our basketball team. The boys acquitted themselves creditably, taking part in the religious services on Sunday and speaking in the interests of the school. One result of the tour was the practical illustration of good sportsmanship. The native is by nature a poor loser. Our boys

have learned to accept defeat when it comes their way and to be fair competitors," writes the principal.

Aims

To build up sound, strong bodies.

To train the girls in the art of Christian home-making and the boys as competent wage earners.

To develop Christian leadership.

Results and Outlook

A former pupil was elected a member of the Alaskan legislature last fall, the first native to attain this honor. After a two-year course in special preparation at the Oregon Agricultural College, one of the graduates returned to the school last year as assistant in the department of Home Economics. The Alaskan Native Brotherhood, organized at the suggestion of a secretary of the Board on a visit to Alaska, has for its platform, as stated at a recent meeting, 1. Competent Christian citizenship. 2. Every Indian educated. 3. Every Indian in business. 4. Every Indian to vote and able to give his reasons for his vote. 5. That I shall leave Alaska not weaker than I found it, but better and stronger. The officers and most of the members of this organization were at one time pupils in the Sheldon Jackson School. As a matter of fact, almost without exception the leaders in patriotic and civic enterprises in all of the native villages of Southeastern Alaska were once in the school.

Salary of Missionary, including maintenance and travel, \$1,200.

Scholarship, \$100.

Permanent Scholarship, \$2,500.

Board of National Missions
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

SNAPSHOTS



SHELDON JACKSON SCHOOL
Sitka, Alaska

Trends

The graduates of Sheldon Jackson School are taking an important part in the activities of the Alaskan Native Brotherhood with its five-fold platform: (1) Competent Christian citizenship; (2) Every Indian educated; (3) Every Indian in business; (4) Every Indian voting and able to give reasons for his vote; (5) That I shall leave Alaska not weaker than I found it but better and stronger. Recently three young graduates were elected officers of the local branch

at Sitka on the grounds that they were better qualified to keep books, write minutes, and formulate policies for political, social, and economic life. This is significant in that tradition points to a rule by elders and chiefs.

A former pupil recently served as a member of the Alaskan legislature, the first native to attain this honor.

A former pupil from Barrow, upon graduation returned to her home in the Arctic region to take a position in a school under the Bureau of Education. Her varied activities included teaching the Sunday school, active participation in the Christian Endeavor societies, and home visitation. She has proved a bond of communication between the uneducated and inquiring minds of that isolated people and the great outside world in matters of education, religion, and culture.

Up to 1933 there have been forty-seven graduates from the high school. After a two-year course at the Oregon Agricultural College, one returned to the school as assistant in home economics. Another is a missionary to the Navajo Indians in Arizona, a third is a missionary mother at Haines House. Others are officers in the church and its various organizations. All have been professing Christians.

A Christian Endeavor Society has recently been organized in the native village of which a Sheldon Jackson boy is president.

Course of Study

The course of study comprises the usual graded course of instruction from the fifth grade through high school. Along with the grade work the pupils receive a thorough industrial education. This means sewing, cooking, laundry, and housework for the girls, and shoe repairing, boat building, carpenter, machine, electric, and print shop work for the boys.

Of first importance in the training of the Alaskan children is their spiritual and physical education. To this end Bible instruction is given in all the grades and systematic physical training, under competent directors, required of all pupils.

A recently added educational feature is the organization of clubs for optional study including: first aid, felt craft, boy scouting, school paper, home nursing, dramatics, debating, art, soap carving, painting.

Location and History

Sitka is located on Baranoff Island, Southeastern Alaska, in a setting acknowledged as one of the most beautiful in the world: "To

With the Pupils

Pupils are prepared for entrance to Sheldon Jackson School in the Bureau of Education schools.

Twenty-nine communities are represented in the school, with five tribal languages spoken. Approximately one-half of the total enrolment is in the high school.

All training has its aim toward effective Christian citizenship. The boys and girls in each dormitory are graded in accordance with community citizenship attainments. Each pupil is rated on ten points: obedience, dependability, courtesy, honesty, thrift, initiative, purity, neatness, posture, loyalty. The pupils thus rated on behavior are separated into three groups according to their standing. Medals are awarded to honor students.

The boys and girls are natural orators. The annual declamation contests in all the grades arouse great interest. Parents and relatives attend these public exercises and are keenly interested in the results. The children are also great lovers of music. The opportunity for musical training in the chorus classes, orchestra, and piano is eagerly accepted.

During the summer months the older pupils are employed in the salmon canneries

or on the fishing boats supplying the canneries. The younger pupils remain at school for the summer.

Life at the school inspires the children with a faith in Christianity. Not long ago Everett was having trouble with his multiplication tables but he was not greatly concerned over his failure. Trying to arouse his interest and his cooperation the teacher asked, "Why, Everett, how do you expect to get along in the world without being able to multiply? What would you do if you had 950 pounds of fish to sell at $6\frac{1}{4}$ cents a pound. You wouldn't know whether you were being cheated or not." The little boy's reply came without hesitation. "Oh, I'd manage all right. I'd sell them to a Christian."

In Cooperation with the Community

The school cooperates with the community in providing indoor recreation by giving the townspeople the use of the gymnasium when it is not needed for the school.

A Bible school is conducted for the children in the native village under the guidance of the school staff with the young people of Sheldon Jackson as the teachers and officers. This provides a clinic for the training of teachers as well as a Sunday school for the more backward children.

the westward Mount Edgecombe lifts its perfect cone . . .; to the northward Harbor Peak lifts its signal to mariners; the Sisters, with a gleam of snow and ice among their pinnacles, lie in the distance of Indian River; to the eastward is the arrowhead of Mount Verstovia."

In 1799 Alexander Baranoff founded the post of Archangel Michael six miles north of Sitka. During his absence the Indians attacked the post, massacred the men and carried the women and children away as slaves. Upon his return in 1802, after defeating the Indians, Baranoff established the settlement of New Archangel, the present town of Sitka. Sitka was the seat of the Russian Government and for a time was the Capital of American Alaska.

* * *

Salary of Missionary, including maintenance and travel, \$1,200.

Shares in station support, \$10.00 up.

* * *

BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WHAT SHELDON JACKSON SCHOOL BOYS ARE DOING



Here at Sitka in the **Sheldon Jackson School** the National Board is doing a work which benefits all native tribes of Alaska.

BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.
156 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

What Sheldon Jackson School Boys Are Doing

As seen by James H. Condit, D.D., formerly superintendent of Alaskan work under the Board of National Missions; since September, 1921, superintendent of Sheldon Jackson School.

In the Church

At Angoon, a village without a missionary, Sam Johnson and wife, both graduates of Sheldon Jackson School, for years carried on religious services in a private house and acted as preachers of the gospel.

The session of the Sitka Native Church has repeatedly gone to Angoon at its own expense to conduct evangelistic services. Of this session a number are former Sheldon Jackson School boys. One of the elders, Mr. Andrew Wanamaker, had charge of our mission at Klukwan last winter, under direction of Presbytery, and is commissioned for the same service this winter.

The only lay-workers ever employed by the Board of National Missions, of whom there were eight or ten, were practically all from this school.

The only candidates for the ministry from southeastern Alaska were from Sheldon Jackson School: Edward Marsden, William Paul, and Andrew Johnson.

"I am personally acquainted with eleven men, former pupils of the school who are now members of sessions in Presbyterian churches in southeastern Alaska. Other ruling elders are from this school but I am not personally acquainted with them," writes Dr. Condit.

For Alaska

The only native man who has been a candidate for the Alaska legislature is William Paul, whose mother was long associated with this school as teacher, and who received his primary education here. Mr. Paul is now a practicing attorney at Ketchikan.

Seven out of twelve of the town council of Hoonah, a native village, are from this school.

In 1914, out of thirty-one delegates to the Alaska Native Brotherhood Convention, twenty-four were former students of this institution and when the election of officers was held all but one

were ex-students of this school. Not only is it true that the same proportion has held in officers and members of the Brotherhood from its beginning, but it is also true that the order had its inception in a gathering of former members of this school.

In General

Of the eighth grade graduates of the past eight years the following are singled out as especially worthy of note: (1) second assistant engineer on steamship; (2) merchant; (3) in high school, Columbus, Ohio; (4) government nurse; (5) student for ministry; (6) preparing to teach; (7) earning money to go to college; (8) in Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon; (9) assistant teacher; (10) in preparatory school looking forward to training as nurse; (11) working for funds to take a business course prior to taking charge of a Native Cooperative store.

"It is my judgment that practically all of the forward looking natives of today, and the natives who are doing things in southeastern Alaska are the Christian natives, and further, that their lives have been influenced by this school through associations with it."

*Space
and Race
in Alaska*

PAMPHLET SERIES ON TENSION AREAS



Space and Race in Alaska

WHEN the white man comes into contact with the man of darker color, tensions are apt to arise. Sometimes good relationships are worked out, and the two groups are neighbors in peaceful living. Sometimes there is strife, occasionally going to extremes. In Alaska, home of three different groups—white, Indian, and Eskimo—these tensions exist. However, since there is space for all, and since Indian and Eskimo do not compete seriously with the white man for a living, these contacts between them have not led to the outbreaks that at times have marked Negro-white relationships on the mainland.

In recent years the balance in race relationships has shifted first one way and then another. During the war, when thousands of service men poured into the country, relationships were often strained. Indians resented being suddenly turned into a minority where before they had been about equal in numbers to the white men. Army regulations for a time forbade social relationships with Indian girls. But as time passed the regulations were relaxed, and as the troops withdrew, conditions returned

in general to the easier basis on which they had previously existed.

Alaskan Indians, Eskimos, and white men served together in the armed forces, and now all alike are receiving the benefits of government service to veterans. A number of Indian former students of Sheldon Jackson School in Sitka are back, receiving training under the G.I. Bill of Rights. Disabled veterans, Indian or white, have the same recognition from the Veterans' Administration. "This," comments President Leslie Yaw of Sheldon Jackson Junior College, "is of course as it should be; yet in earlier years too often the Indian group suffered for lack of fair treatment by canneries and business concerns."

The legislature is bi-racial. The Territorial school system—that for white children—includes eight years of grade school work and four of high school. The native schools generally go only to the eighth grade. The Territory also maintains the University of Alaska at Fairbanks; but because Fairbanks, in the interior, is remote from the main centers of Indian population, which are in the Southeast, it is difficult for Indians to go there. Until Sheldon Jackson School added its junior college department, the comparatively few Indians who went to college found it easier to go to the United States than to the University of Alaska.

Recently the question came to a head of whether Indians and Eskimos could be legally discriminated against in places of public amusement. It was a soldier and a part-Eskimo girl guest in a movie theater that brought the matter to a climax. Part of the theater was for white patrons, part for Eskimos. The soldier took his

guest to the white section of the theater. The usher asked them to move. The soldier refused. The police were called in, and the matter became a *cause célèbre*. Eventually it was brought before the territorial legislature. That body passed a law forbidding any discrimination because of race. Of course democracy and Christian standards cannot be created by law. Means can still be found to practice discrimination if the desire is there. In this case the theater has ruled that fur parkas have an unpleasant odor when the fur is warm, therefore all persons wearing fur parkas must sit in the gallery, thus banishing most of its darker patrons to that part of the theater. But the passage of the territorial law shows that Alaska aims to set standards of fair practice, whatever local circumstances may be.

A serious cause of disturbance has come up in the lawsuit brought by some of the southeastern Indians against the United States government. "We have a treaty that guarantees us the ownership of land that the government is selling to white people," they say. They brought suit to recover \$30,000,000, basing their figures not only on the current value of the land, but on the income it has brought in over the years to cannery companies, mining operators, and other exploiters. The case was brought to trial. Hearings were held in Southeastern Alaska and the final presentation of evidence in Seattle. The judge before whom it was argued, while considering that the large sum the Indians asked for was unreasonable, did nevertheless decide that they had a good cause for complaint, and urged the Department of the Interior to make a fair settlement of the difficulty. The lawsuit not only stirred

up feeling between Indians and whites, but also has created friction between different groups of Indians. In the past there has been a good deal of moving about and settling in different areas, and no group wants to give up any region where it has once lived, even though another tribe may now be living there.

However, daily life goes on in general with very good terms existing between the different races. Here the Christian church has an important part to play. The problems have not been solved, but common Christian standards give a basis for development lacking in other areas. In Sitka and Wrangell, the Presbyterian churches are bi-racial, each under a white pastor. In Juneau, there are both Indian and white churches. Here the Indians of education and modern experience face the problem, which may be only temporary, but is important while it lasts, of being expected to work with the Indian church, although in the white church they might find more associates who by education and advantages would be congenial to them. An interesting interracial situation exists in the S. Hall Young Memorial Church, the Indian church in Juneau. Here the superintendent of the Sunday school is a Negro, one of very few living in that town. He taught a boys' class with such success that he was asked to become superintendent, and is developing that work with equal success.

In Ketchikan, the one Presbyterian church is the Indian church. There is a large group of white residents in this busy town, among them a number of Presbyterians. But in addition to the difficulty of becoming amalgamated with an Indian congregation of long standing,

there is the fact that the church is down on the water-front, in a part of town to which parents, whether Indian or white, are reluctant to have their children go. This makes it difficult for the young people to have the experience of working together in church activities, or developing other normal interests together. The suggested solution has been the maintenance of the present church as a water-front mission, and the establishment of another congregation in the main part of the town.

An important influence throughout all southeastern Alaska is Sheldon Jackson Junior College in Sitka. For many years a high school for Indians, this school has now added junior college work and is a bi-racial institution. One of the experiences which gave the school confidence in planning to include white as well as Indian students was that of having held bi-racial summer conferences for young people. Every year for some years past—with the exception of the war period—boys and girls both white and Indian gathered on the Sheldon Jackson campus for the same kind of conference work, play, and worship together that young people share on the mainland. Difference in race was unimportant in the greater interest of common Christianity and common youth. Hence when the wider development of the school was planned, few had any hesitancy in working toward an interracial student body. The first white students to be enrolled were in the high school department. They were accepted by the Indians as just two more students, on the same basis as themselves. The first white junior college student entered in 1946, and found the same acceptance.

One of the basic tasks that meets those who wish to help the Indians to help themselves has been to develop a sense of individual responsibility in them. The traditional clan life of days gone by did not encourage this development. Action and behavior grew out of custom and common consent. The clan members did what the clan approved. Contact with white men often broke down old standards without giving new ones. Those who know Alaska familiarly feel sure that a growing willingness on the part of the Indians to accept responsibility, plus an increasing readiness on the part of the white Alaskans to give them equal rights, is an encouraging sign for the future. A mutual respect is growing that did not exist before.

As far as the Eskimos of Barrow and St. Lawrence Island are concerned, the question of relationships with white people is only beginning to be a matter of daily concern. In the past, the story of the exploitation of the Eskimos by white whalers and traders has not been a pleasant one. It was the threatened extermination of the whales—the Eskimos' chief means of livelihood—by commercial hunters that led to the introduction of reindeer by the Presbyterian missionary pioneer, Sheldon Jackson, to replace the lost sources of food. The government stepped in to preserve the herds of seal; trading was better regulated; and scattered throughout the little northern communities have been families of government school teachers, missionaries, and other occasional white residents who have changed the picture from what it was for so long.

When aviation began to develop, Barrow took on special importance. It is the northernmost community of mainland North America, only 1200 miles from the North Pole. With war, its importance grew greater. Oil is known to exist in that part of the Arctic, and commercial development will increase. At present, the navy has contracted with a civilian construction company to further this development. American Seabees are building an airbase at Barrow.

On St. Lawrence Island, where for many years one missionary and a government teacher's family comprise the entire white community, there now are three missionaries, the teacher's family, and occasional visits from weather observers, airmen, or others carrying on the developing air service of the Far North. The island people themselves, however, are Eskimos, and continue their traditional ways of earning a living by whaling, fishing, and hunting, with reindeer as another source of supply. Practically all of the Eskimos on the Island are Christians and members of the mission church.

The white population of Alaska will undoubtedly increase in this postwar period. As race relations now stand, conditions are reasonably good. There still is an attitude of superiority on the part of many white people, based merely on the fact that they are white. But the wish and aim of public opinion as a whole is to develop Alaska on a democratic basis. It is part of the responsibility of Christians, whether in Alaska or on the mainland, to uphold the ideal of brotherhood under one Father, so that it will be a matter of course for men of whatever race to serve God together.

BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America
156 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

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REPORT OF THE BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
IN ALASKA

1946

Welcome to Alaska



*We cordially invite you to visit our mission churches
and to meet our missionaries.*

PRESBYTERY OF ALASKA

Ketchikan and Saxman—Rev. George J. Beck (Supply)
Metlakatla—Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Swogger
Wrangell—Rev. and Mrs. N. H. Champlin
Petersburg—Elder and Mrs. George R. Betts
Juneau—First—Rev. and Mrs. Walter Soboleff
Northern Light—Rev. and Mrs. John A. Glass
Haines and Klukwan—
Community—Rev. and Mrs. Ralph K. Wheeler
Haines House—Miss Harriett A. Lawrence and staff
Skagway—Rev. and Mrs. Edwin Knudsen
Hoonah—Rev. and Mrs. E. E. Bromley
Sitka—First—Rev. and Mrs. Willis R. Booth
Sheldon Jackson School—Mr. W. Leslie Yaw and staff
Angoon—Elder and Mrs. Samuel Johnson
Kake—Elder and Mrs. Andrew Wanamaker
Klawock—Rev. and Mrs. Paul E. Whiteside
Craig—Mr. and Mrs. William B. Youngs
Hydaburg—Rev. and Mrs. Verne J. Swanson
Kasaan—(Vacant)

PRESBYTERY OF YUKON

Anchorage—Rev. and Mrs. Boyd G. Cubbage
Barrow—Rev. and Mrs. Frederick Klerekoper
Barter Island—Elder and Mrs. Andrew Akootchoak
Cordova—Rev. and Mrs. David Crawford
Fairbanks—Rev. and Mrs. R. Rolland Armstrong
St. Lawrence Island—Miss Ann Bannan
Wainwright—Rev. and Mrs. Percy Ipalook
Wales—Miss Emma M. Stauffer
Palmer—Rev. and Mrs. B. J. Bingle
Nenana—(Vacant)

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of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

FOR TEN YEARS after the purchase of Alaska in 1867 no Protestant mission work whatever was done in the Territory. In fact, for over a century and a quarter after Alaska's discovery the only interest shown toward the natives by the great majority of whites was a selfish one. It was in 1877, after a stirring appeal by a soldier of the United States Army at Sitka telling of the deplorable conditions existing among the natives, that Dr. Sheldon Jackson and Mrs. Amanda McFarland went to Wrangell to open mission work. The story of Mrs. McFarland's labors that first year is a thrilling one to this day. The fort had been abandoned, and there was nothing in Wrangell resembling law or order. A native from British Columbia, Clah or Philip McKay, as was his English name, who had come under the influence of the Scotch-English missionary, William Duncan, had the previous winter crossed into Fort Wrangell to preach to and teach the natives. But out of a warring, hostile group of over two thousand he had converted only a small band of untrained natives. After Mrs. McFarland was established, Dr. Jackson returned to the States. With Clah as her assistant, Mrs. McFarland took charge of the school he had started. This was the humble beginning of Presbyterian mission work in Alaska.

All students at Sheldon Jackson School have their own Bibles.





*The Session of the Sitka Church is made up
of white and Indian members.*

*The fishing boat, SJS, was built by Sheldon
Jackson School boys.*



A future Christ



This sketch of the "whale killer," a totem symbol, is typical of native artistic skill.



ve leader of Alaska.

Sunday school class being taught by a Sheldon Jackson School girl.



From the first Mrs. McFarland had to fight witchcraft, polygamy, drunkenness, and the open hostility of the shamans or witch doctors. But the few Christian natives turned to her as counselor, advisor, nurse, doctor, even preacher and undertaker. She opened a day school for girls in her home. To her the native girls fled for protection to escape being sold into slavery.

In the summer of 1878 S. Hall Young was sent to Alaska to take charge of the Wrangell mission. The following summer the first Protestant mission church was organized and, when eighteen natives were taken into membership, the missionaries felt that, considering the handicaps, they had been rewarded for their labors.

News quickly spread among other tribes of the work being done by the missionaries, so that when Dr. Jackson and Mr. Young made canoe trips into remote communities for the purpose of opening new missions they heard on all sides, "Send us 'Boston men' (as they called all whites) to bring light to our people!" As funds could be raised, missions were opened at Sitka, Haines, Hoonah, Kluckwan, and later to the south.

Both Dr. Jackson and Mr. Young urged Congress to establish schools and provide some form of government for the natives. But no action was taken. In 1880 the Sitka Training School for boys was opened in Sitka. Four years later Dr. Jackson was transferred to Alaska to assume charge of the Sitka mission. Sensing the crying need for missions, not only in South-eastern Alaska but throughout the land, he urged other denominations to help with the task. They accepted the invitation, but before the work was begun, Dr. Jackson was appointed commissioner of education in Alaska. He arranged that schools be opened and that the Government and mission boards share in their maintenance and upkeep, missionary-teachers to be put in charge.

In 1890 the first missions to the Eskimos were opened, Barrow, on the northernmost tip, being one of these stations. It was while visiting the Eskimos that Dr. Jackson discovered that the white man was depleting the

*Alaskans depend
upon boats along
the Inside Pas-
sage.*



Eskimos' food supply to the extent that they faced starvation if this supply was not supplemented. He imported reindeer from Siberia and secured Lapp herders to train the Eskimos to care for them.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH has always carried the large part of mission work in Alaska. Today there are missionary pastors, teachers, nurses, and other workers scattered from Ketchikan, at the entrance, to Barrow. The Sheldon Jackson School at Sitka (formerly the Sitka Training School) is the only high school for natives under church auspices in the Territory. Haines House at Haines provides a Christian home for native children.

There is only one self-supporting Presbyterian church in Alaska, the Northern Light Church at Juneau. Most of the mission churches in South-eastern Alaska are for natives. Few have biracial congregations, although those of the Wrangell and Sitka churches are about evenly divided. The Skagway congregation is largely white. The congregations of the Anchorage, Cordova, Fairbanks, and Palmer (Matanuska Valley) churches are entirely so. The Barrow, Wainwright, Gambell, and Cape Prince of Wales

congregations are Eskimo. All other mission churches have Indian congregations. With the exception of the work done by the pastor of the Palmer Church for the pupils at the Eklutna Government School, half-way between Anchorage and Palmer, no Presbyterian work is done among the Indians of the Interior, other denominations being established there.

Because Southeastern Alaska is made up of hundreds of islands, over which towns, small villages, and communities are scattered, mission work is difficult. That these isolated peoples might be served, mission boats were brought into use, first the *Lois*, then the *Lindsley*, and, from 1925 until its destruction in 1939, the *Princeton*. In their turn, they have helped carry the gospel message to thousands, native and white. Many times the *Princeton* was called upon to do errands of mercy, carrying the critically ill to doctors or hospitals. It served, too, as a means of transportation for members of the presbytery and the presbyterial society, for summer conference delegates, and for transporting boys and girls to and from Sheldon Jackson School and Haines House. The new *Princeton-Hall*, as it is to be called, being built at Sheldon Jackson School by the boys under the supervision of native builders, will be launched during the latter part of July when services to the out-of-the-way places will once more be resumed.

Today, with the establishing of Government bases—air, naval, and army—in Alaska, the work of the Church is tremendously challenged. The increased activity gives the missionaries ever-increasing opportunities for service, but it also adds tremendously to the problems facing Alaska's young people, native and white. Never in the history of Alaskan missions has the need for mission work been more urgent, a challenge and an opportunity for every friend of Alaska, for nowhere are a people more worthy of the best the Church can give.

BOARD OF NATIONAL MISSIONS
of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America
156 Fifth Avenue, New York
1941

Alaska | **LAND OF EXTREMES**





By JANETTE T. HARRINGTON

The congregation of the Chapel by the Lake, near Juneau, has a picture-window view across Auke Lake to Mendenhall Glacier.

ALASKA

ed to one season. Privileged
y, while the ordinary white
privileges, and the Eskimo
Pravara's "Laid," "Laid," "Laid,"
alcohol, and in prostitution.
first Protestant work in the
he Church can claim some
missionaries and an inter-
in the thousands. The work
all ways unrewarding—but

agitation

*Summer, 1958

△ Preaching Point

institution

U.S. Air services

Skagway



Haines House for
children is here



Bay

neau



The Northern Light
Church is the oldest
self-supporting church
in the territory



First Protestant
church in Alaska
still standing here.



ersburg



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rangell Institute



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Alaska / **LAND OF EXTREMES**

WHEN LOWELL THOMAS, news commentator and producer of Cinerama and other documentaries, was en route to the Arctic, he noted in a store window in Barrow, on Alaska's north coast, this arresting sign:

MUKTUK—HERSHEY BARS

Muktuk is a bite-sized chunk of whale skin liberally layered with flavorful fat. Brown and white, it looks not unlike candy. Its taste is quite, quite different.

This casual pairing of Eskimo and American delicacies is as good a way as any to underscore the enormous contrasts to be found in the United States' vast northern outpost. It is quite conceivable that the encounter of several tourists, who now visit Alaska with increasing frequency, could produce an interchange of totally conflicting impressions, as:

"I hear you've been to Alaska. How did you like it?"

"Fine—just fine. Of course, it was awfully cold."

"*Cold?* When I was there, it rained all the time."

"Oh?" (Tactful skepticism.) "Well, anyway it was interesting. How did you like the Eskimos in their fur parkas and snow shirts?"

"*Eskimos?* I didn't see any. They told me the natives were Indian—Aleuts, Tsimshian, and the ones who make the totem poles, Thlingit and Haida."

Now Tourist Number Three breaks in. "Oh, yes. They used totem poles for decoration at the Rotary Club luncheon I attended."

"*Rotary* luncheon?" Now there are two incredulous voices.

"Of course. Rotary Club—supermarkets—bobby soxers—Coca-Cola—television. What's so different about Alaska?"

"Well, I can tell you one thing that's different," says Tourist Number One. "That's the prices. Would you believe it, I paid a dollar for an ordinary milk shake. And a dollar and a half for a hamburger. Without onions."

"I'll tell you something else that's different." It's Tourist Number Two talking. "If I were a drinking man, I could have had seventeen drinks in one block, each in a different bar, without ever crossing the street."

The heart of the totem-pole country is Ketchikan in southeast Alaska, home of Thlingit and Haida Indians.



Land of contradictions

This "might have been" conversation is by no means improbable. The vast elbow of land jutting out toward Siberia has within itself—like the elephant described by three blind men after one had touched the trunk, one the side, and one the tail—the seeds of colossal paradox.

Some of the discussions that have taken place about Alaska statehood reveal its inconsistencies. "A territory of vast, empty wastelands, scantily peopled with ignorant natives and sourdoughs," say some. "Nonsense," comes the rebuttal. "Alaska is as up-to-date and as well populated as many a state in the union—and growing all the time." Both are equally true.

A glance at the map hardly helps to dispel misconceptions. Off the northwest shoulder of Canada, the wizened face of an old man sniffs at the near shore of Siberia, his long beard straggling out into the Pacific. Deceptively inconspicuous, the territory bought from Russia March 30, 1867, stretches over 586,400 square miles and is more than twice the size of Texas. If superimposed on a map of the forty-eight states, the Alaska Panhandle would fall in Georgia while the tip of the Aleutians would touch the West Coast. Tourists who hop off a boat in the Panhandle expecting to see the midnight sun learn they are still too far south by 1,400 miles.

The top and the bottom of Alaska are as widely different as some of the divergencies between Alabama and Minnesota. In the long, narrow Panhandle—a thin mishmash of islands, inlets, and mountains running 500 miles along the western edge of Canada—annual mean temperature is only two degrees cooler

than Seattle. Ketchikan has an average rainfall of *twelve feet* a year.

Conversely, the frozen topside is every bit as bleak and frigid as it is painted. Missionary pastors in the near-Arctic speak of long winter nights, of treks by dog sled, snowshoes, or plane, of difficulty with supplies. When the ice breaks and workaday life begins again, their Eskimo parishioners take to the sea after walrus, seal, and whale or go hunting for caribou. Even so, civilization has cracked the ice barrier. At Barrow, fresh lettuce and fruit—and Hershey bars—are flown in on a thrice-weekly schedule. The cluster of wood houses—*no* ice igloos in evidence—has a tourist hotel and, residue of an abandoned Navy petroleum exploration, electric lights, stoves, and refrigerators (to keep food from freezing). Residue of a less fortunate sort is the habit of depending on the military dollar.

Midpoint between these two extremities falls somewhere in the vicinity of Fairbanks. With a little geographic license, the



interior can be stretched to include the whole sweep of country from the Canadian border to the Bering Sea, trailing off toward Kenai Peninsula and Kodiak Island and embracing the Yukon Basin, Mt. McKinley (20,300 feet), and the rich Matanuska Valley. Some inland sections are so isolated even long-time Alaskans have yet to see them.

The Alaska Highway skirts fifty jagged mountains from one to two miles high, cuts through wilderness areas of unbelievable grandeur—so infrequently dotted by road stops as to implant earnest hopes for the health of the motor—and travels along flat lands—never seen in the Southeast—hot in summer and numbing cold in winter. But Anchorage, Alaska's biggest metropolis (40,000) has candlelit restaurants, TV and technicolor movies, and modern hotels. Near Fairbanks, bustling frontier-type town of the central interior, the home of the University of Alaska's president is as lavish and modern a showplace as any seen in *House and Garden*.

Nothing quite like it

"Nothing you say about [Alaska] is quite true," a Church spokesman declared after a flying visit there in 1957. It was a part of the United States but not a state. Its residents had no vote in presidential elections. Their governor was appointed in Washington. The Reverend S. Rolland Armstrong, Presbyterian leader who served as a member of the Constitutional Convention, explained it with "Most Alaskans are emigrants from the States, or children of emigrants. They feel they are entitled to the same rights as other Americans."

Like a discomfited boarder never quite treated like one of the family, Alaska fidgeted through the four decades preceding its admission as a state. When Congress took action June 30, 1958, opening the way for it to become the forty-ninth state, jubilant Alaskans ignited waiting bonfires. But none was so over-jubilant as to expect the new status to level off at once the hills and dales of Alaska's many anomalies.

For the same Alaskans who from time immemorial have asserted their identity as ordinary U. S. citizens and fought for statehood are the very ones who most cherish its atmosphere of sturdy independence. Its elbow room and too-far-from-Mother-to-be-whistled-in-to-dinner air are what drew many of them in the first place, along with the high pay checks of rugged and far-off jobs. While the rest of the U. S. mourns the passing of the frontier and tries to recapture a sense of adventure through westerns on TV, Alaskans engage in the day-by-day role of twentieth-century adventurers and frontiersmen, their hazards isolation, the frigid cold, and high prices.

Nothing astonishes the casual visitor quite so much as the astronomical price tag on everything from hamburgers to hair-cuts. "Blame the freight rates," is the ready explanation. They must be high, says the shipping industry, to cover both the full load going and the empty return. Behind this diagnosis lies a complex story of shipping inadequacies coupled with political manipulation that has achieved a virtual shutout of Alaskan competition from northwest U. S. ports. Air freight has upped the supply of fresh produce but has not brought down the prices. And statehood is not expected to alter things much very soon.

What statehood *is* expected to do is to draw new people to Alaska—as, history shows, generally happens when a new state is born—and pave the way toward stepped-up economic development. But current reports on economic prospects are quite as contradictory as the response of the blind men to their elephant. Said an article in *The New York Times* in January, 1958, “Business leaders in Alaska’s largest city [believe] that the territory is now entering a dynamic growth period similar to that in which the American West’s resources were developed.” Later, the same article tells of rising unemployment and quotes one civic leader as saying, apropos of petroleum findings on the Kenai Peninsula, “One oil well does not make a field.”

It is an accepted irony that Alaska’s wealth of natural resources far exceeds the price paid to Russia. Enough gold alone, to the value of \$15,000,000, was shipped out in the first years of the gold strike to more than double the initial investment. The territory is rich also in silver, aluminum, coal, tin, petroleum, tantalite, cobalt, iron, nickel, and gypsum. But inadequacy of electric power, transportation, and labor have slowed Alaska’s take-off toward economic free-wheeling.

Still, business leaders who predict a “dynamic growth period” can illustrate their point with several rumblings currently in ear-shot. Four new pulp mills built or in the offing in the Southeast, at costs approximating \$50,000,000 each, spell promise of lumber and pulpwood expansion. Around Fairbanks, gold—the yellow spark that touched off the gold rush—today is mined by giant dredges which sluice the valuable specks out of acres of soil. Throughout Alaska, pin-dot developments—like the 621-mile



New multi-million-dollar pulp mills like this one at Ketchikan are bringing expanded lumber and pulpwood industry to southeast Alaska.

new pipeline from Haines to Fairbanks, an electric power project above Anchorage, upkeep posts for the Alaska Highway, scattered mining and lumber camps—break open the skin of Alaska's inner isolation to reveal the pulse beneath. A magnet for veterans seeking new frontiers, the territory topped 200,000 population in 1955: 159,000 civilian, the balance military. The 1958 population is estimated at between 210,000 and 220,000.

Strategic Position

To date, nothing has quite so revolutionized Alaska as the dumping down, on its wind-swept wastes and city fringes, of

thousands of American G.I.s popped for one- or two-year stretches into the defense command's deep freeze. Nobody knows precisely how many men in uniform are stationed in the Northland. But everybody recognizes Alaska as a Number One defense outpost, now that the jet age has made across-the-pole access a snap for either Russia or the United States. Elmendorf Air Force Base outside Anchorage, Eielson and Ladd fields near Fairbanks, Fort Greeley, the army base farthest north, a spattering of radar units along the DEW line, and other posts have put a whole new cadence to the normal pace of Alaska living.

Dr. Eugene Carson Blake, United Presbyterian stated clerk, after visiting troops in Alaska as president of the National Council of the Churches of Christ in the U.S.A., came home feeling that "neither the churches in the States nor the Pentagon are giving full and effective support to religious life in [Alaska], as demanded by the problems and opportunities faced."

This is not to say that the Presbyterian plumb bob for gauging the level of need has not swung sharply toward the urgency of stepping up service to military personnel. All churches near military bases make it a point to welcome men in uniform. Three in the outskirts of Anchorage—Faith, Spenard, Hillcrest — are located near large coagulations of G.I. families. To work among them, local churches have joined in signing on Alaska's first full-time church visitor, to call on servicemen's families and encourage them to come to church. Fairbanks, with equal influxes of military population, has no such regular system for house-to-house calling. But the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church conducts a daily radio program, beamed to everyone in Alaska.

Main hurdle, church workers detect, is a "reluctance to get involved" with churchgoing, which families associate with a more permanent home environment. Yet the G.I.s who come to Alaska are clearly in the position of "the feller who needs a friend." Single men, often lonely and as readily bored, are quickly affected by the isolation and limited chances for fun. Married men with families, if they do not run afoul of housing shortages, fall victim to "cabin fever," a claustrophobia which infects men and their wives cooped up in small places with small children and barred from normal activity by the intense cold. A part-time minister in Anchorage, filling in temporarily for a pastor on furlough, wrote, "Never in my experience have I encountered more domestic ills or need for pastoral counseling."

Nevertheless, servicemen and their wives are drawn in as church school teachers, elders and deacons, choir singers—until "rotation," that bugaboo of stable church life in Alaska, whisks them off and leaves their shoes to be filled by someone new.

The Church's "civilian chaplaincies" amplify but do not infringe on the religious activities on base. Carl Karsch, writer for *Presbyterian Life*, commended both the church pastor and military chaplain in a series of articles (one was called "A Link in Alaska with Home"), concluding with a comment from a serviceman's wife: "I tell every lonely person I meet to come to Hillcrest. There's so much to be done they'll soon forget themselves."

First cousin to the civilian chaplaincy to servicemen is the work of a missionary pastor at Big Delta, the point in the winter-frozen interior picked by the Army for testing heavy duty equipment and clothing in 70-below weather. Today, the men of the



Arctic Test Center above the rank of corporal live on base, attending base chapel programs. But there are many leftover spiritual needs among the families of shop owners and filling station operators and stripeless G.I.s. An urgent one is need for recreation; because of the great dearth of normal free-time pursuits, young people and children flock to the log community house for games and fun.

Undercover resistance to the Church is revealed here, too, in moderate attendance (75 to 100), an all-too-apparent shell of psuedo-sophistication, and reliance on easily-acquired means of release. One primary teacher who asked her pupils what they had done to help around home that week netted the proud answer: "I threw out all the empty beer cans."

Mission of contrasts

Church life in Alaska is quite as varied and in some respects as contradictory as the terrain it serves.

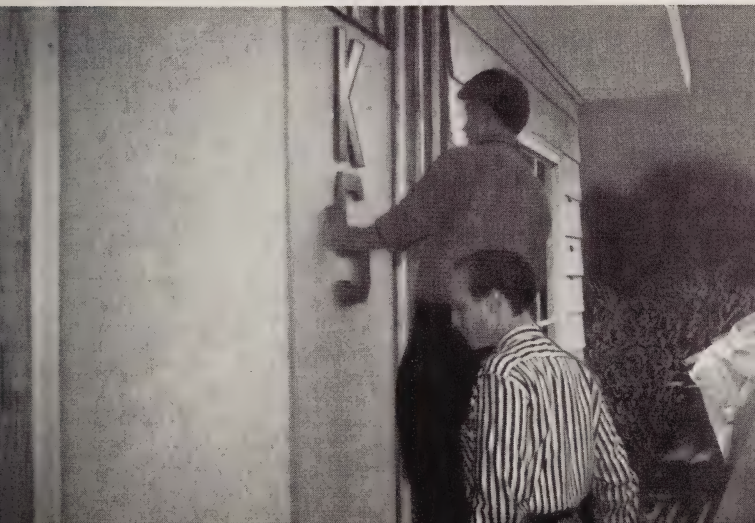
For a point of departure, consider the First Church in Anchorage, with its red and wood-panel modern sanctuary. Or the Northern Light Church of Juneau, like scores of neat small churches on any main street.

At the log chapel at Tok Junction, in the well-below-zero belt, the minister must build fires early on Sunday to drive out the swirls of cold air that chill the feet of worshipers. But the spirits of church members at the Chapel by the Lake, twelve miles out of Juneau, are warmed by a picture-window view across Auke Lake to Mendenhall Glacier (see cover photograph).

At Barrow, on the coast of the Arctic Ocean, Eskimo mothers bring their babies to church tucked into snow shirts. When the youngsters start to fidget, the mothers jiggle them up and down to keep them still.

But space is far too cramped for movement at some services along the southeast waterways. When men, women, and children jam into a box-size cannery worker's shack to hear the boat-mobile minister, there is barely room to turn around.

Many of the ministries in Alaska illustrate the somersaults going on all over as rapid shifts and developments jar the Church into new types of service. Roving ministries on the DEW line and the Alaska Highway, a missionary adventure in electronics via Station KSEW at Sitka, and the trail-blazing of a Christian social worker in the Sitka-Juneau-Haines area are but a few of the current programs restyled to meet changing needs.



All such bold strokes of pioneering are reminiscent of the pioneer courage and ingenuity displayed in the Presbyterian mission program in Alaska since its beginning.

The pioneering years

The first missionaries to Alaska came with the Russians; it is one of its paradoxes that at a time when tensions between the United States and the Soviet Union run high, this segment of U.S. territory displays a strong dome-shaped imprint of the Russian Orthodox Church.

Russia first claimed Alaska when Vitus Bering, a Danish fleet captain commissioned by Peter the Great to find a link between Siberia and North America, stumbled upon Alaska on July 16, 1741. Bering, old and ill by the time the voyage was completed, headed back without lingering and died on the way. But the chance for primary exploitation drew the Russians back. A capable trader, Alexander Baranof (his name graces Juneau's leading hotel), took charge of collecting and sending home priceless shipments of furs.

Missionaries of the Russian Orthodox Church, of whom Father Venimianof was the best known, came in with the traders and settlers. But ties with Czarist Russia were slight. Rather than risk Alaska's falling into British hands through conquest, Russia in 1867 offered to sell the land to the United States for \$7,200,000 — (less than two cents an acre). For ten years, the new acquisition languished in neglect with a few groups of soldiers stationed at Sitka, Russian headquarters, and at Fort Wrangell its only "token" occupation. Native population was then around 30,000.

Coeds from Barrow on the Arctic — and other young people from all over Alaska — discover new horizons at Sheldon Jackson Junior College.



In 1877, a private at Fort Wrangell, J. S. Brown, sickened by the misery, disease, and cruelty he saw among the Indians and greatly impressed by the lives of Christian Indians from British Columbia, wrote home a plea for evangelism in Alaska. His letter, forwarded to a Presbyterian minister in Portland, Oregon, brought Alaska its first American missionary.

Sheldon Jackson, then roving missionary in the Northwest, is one of the most colorful figures in church history books. His arrival in Alaska not only launched an enduring mission enterprise; it precipitated an awareness of Alaska in Washington. Jackson's first object was to start a school. The Sitka Training School for Boys, which he began, continues today as coeducational Sheldon Jackson Junior College.

At Fort Wrangell, he installed Mrs. Amanda McFarland, the widow of a onetime missionary in the new West. By nature both intrepid and dedicated, Mrs. McFarland undertook to teach native girls, imperiled by primitive religious practices and threat

of slavery. Shortly, Dr. Jackson went back to the States to raise money and interest. He had been blamed for going to Alaska without proper backing. Now he was blamed for leaving Mrs. McFarland there unprotected.

Nevertheless, Jackson's interest in Alaskan education built a fire under Washington inertia, and in 1884, when Alaska received its first government, he was named commissioner of education. He drew upon both church and government resources, and to him is due the widespread system of schools that—though still in many ways unsatisfactory—has kept Alaskan natives above the level of illiteracy that often prevails among primitive people.

Meanwhile, Sheldon Jackson embarked on one of the strangest feats ever undertaken by a man of the cloth. On a northern inspection trip in the cutter *Bear*, he was appalled to find the Eskimos on the brink of starvation. They lived largely by whaling and sealing. As the Yankee whalers, more and more, stripped the Arctic waters of their whales, and unrestricted slaughter of seals decimated that source of supply, the Eskimos were left without resources.

But across the Bering Straits in Siberia, their cousins lived comfortably under similar circumstances. The answer was reindeer. When Congress refused help, Sheldon Jackson raised a small fund from church and private sources and set out in the *Bear* to bring back some reindeer from Siberia. The sturdy animals proved a priceless source of food, skins, and transportation. Eventually, Congress provided funds, and large reindeer herds developed, assigned by law to the Eskimos. Less important now, they were a lifesaver.

In the wake of Sheldon Jackson came other missionaries of heroic stature. S. Hall Young, a frail young minister from Portland, rushed into the Klondike with the prospectors during the gold rush to preach in rough and tumble mining camps. Warned against Alaska because of poor health, he survived the rugged life until almost eighty, died, ironically, in the States after being hit by a street car.

A school teacher, M. Leander Stevenson, carried the Bible to the Northernmost point in America in 1890. Called by Dr. Jackson "the hardest mission field in the world," Point Barrow saw service down the years as a school, church, and medical center.

When missionary Vene G. Gambell opened the mission at St. Lawrence Island in 1894, his wife was the first white woman natives had ever seen. Their service came to an abrupt end when the boat carrying them back from furlough foundered and they, with their new baby, drowned.

"Bring me men to match my mountains," urged Sam Walter Foss, in his poem, "The Coming American." The Presbyterian missionaries who have served in Alaska over a period of more than seventy-five years have been just that.

Present-day pioneers

The present-day crop of missionaries brings to its task the same zest for adventure and sturdy fortitude as marked the ones who broke trail in Alaska.

The Reverend Bert J. Bingle, a squatty bantam rooster of a man whose story has been written up in *Readers' Digest*, was on hand to greet the first homesteaders of the Matanuska Valley

when they stepped from the ship in Seward. A veteran of thirty-three years' work in Alaska, he opened up the Alaska Highway to a ministry-on-wheels by calling on the lonely families and holding Bible classes and preaching services. Transferred later to the government-owned Alaska Railroad, he rolled with the rolling stock to reach far-off coal mines and railroad towns. The Railbelt Church, 252 miles long by six feet wide, is the longest in the world.

Once during the war when Mr. Bingle learned that a group of Army men working on the Alaska Highway had been delivered no letters or gifts from home, he set out at sixty below to drive the 340 miles from Fairbanks. As he recounts it in the *Digest*: "I had to crawl under the car with my axe every ten miles and



The *Arctic Messenger* carries a Barrow-based flying pastor to parishioners scattered over one thousand miles of Arctic terrain.



knock off the ice. Sometimes I had to chop the ice hummocks off the road so my car could get over. But the bridges were the worst. They were temporary things, hardly wide enough for one car, rocking in the wind, ice-coated, with no guardrails.

"I got to one bridge that looked plain impossible. One slip, and I'd go down a thousand feet. I prayed: 'Lord, take care of me. I've got work to do on the other side of that bridge.' My car passed over, steady as a rock. All the troops got their presents for Christmas."

A pastor who literally gave wings to the word for the last seven years is the Reverend William Wartes, an air force lieutenant in World War II who was edged toward the ministry by miraculous survival from a freak accident. As pilot of the *Arctic Messenger III*, the flying pastor extended the ministry of the 561-strong all-Eskimo church at Barrow to ice-blocked settlements in a 350-mile radius. Several brushes with the elements—once he was marooned five days in a snowstorm without radio contact and was given up for lost—attest to the hazards of Arctic flying. But he has flown with supreme confidence because, he says, "The Lord's hand is on the stick." As of August, 1958, Mr. Wartes' work has been taken over by another flying pastor.

On the Alaska Highway is a missionary whose assignment combines all the hazards of the long and lonely treks of early

missionaries with the demands of a modern ministry. The north spur of the road, considerably improved since Bert Bingle's war-time trip, spins out as a thin thread through the wilderness, covering, with its branches, some 500 miles of virgin "mission territory." Up and down the road—through snowbanks, sun, and freezing rain—travels a new, modern station wagon labeled "Mobile Ministry." Its points of call are the lonely work camps of the road crew, the small huddles of homes around the occasional roadhouse, the way points of the Army-run communication system of radio-telephone service, the "wanigan" or trailer homes of men who work at remote mines or in construction jobs. The pastor talks to them all—gathers word-hungry children together for Bible stories, welcomes to church those who are within striking distance of home base at Tok Junction. Hardest hurdle, he says, is to keep from scaring away people who apparently had meager church lives back home. (But on a wintry night, eighteen boys of a communications corps crew joined lustily in singing hymns after being eased into it via popular songs.)

Missionaries on four-year assignment and native-born Alaskans are alike in their dedication to unrelenting hard work. Reverend Walter Soboleff, pastor to a fast-growing interracial flock at Juneau's Memorial Church, is a part-Thlingit Indian whose Russian grandfather, a former opera singer, was an Orthodox priest. Over radio he reaches a native audience in Thlingit (easiest way to pronounce—"clink it").

Reverend Roy Ahmaogak, ordained Eskimo pastor at Wainwright, is described by author Edith Agnew in terms of Francis Thompson's poem, "The Hound of Heaven" ("I fled him down



Trailer homes and wanigans of mining and construction workers are visited regularly by the Alaska Highway mobile minister.

the nights and down the days . . ."). A huntsman, fisherman, and interpreter for missionaries, he at last knew he must study to be a minister himself. He has translated two books of the Bible into Inupiat, an Eskimo tongue never before written down.

A near-native (born in Washington state, he fished in Alaskan waters as a youth) is Richard Nelson, skipper of the "Presbyterian Navy," who calls upon deep Christian conviction to carry him through daily hazards of navigating the fogbound islands of the Panhandle.

Electronic circuit rider

A modern mission venture of a totally pioneer nature is station KSEW at Sitka, Alaska. The only radio broadcasting unit owned

and operated by the Board of National Missions, the 250-watt station beams into the surrounding countryside a sixteen-hour-a-day schedule of good music, news, education, and religious inspiration. Students at nearby Sheldon Jackson Junior College get good practice in broadcasting through programs they assist in putting on over KSEW, the "Voice of Sheldon Jackson."

Test of its trendex rating as a missionary force came a year or so ago when a political ferment blew up in Sitka. The furor started, innocently enough, when the new lady mayor of Sitka asked law enforcement officials to crack down on violations of gambling ordinances. It developed there *were* no ordinances against gambling. Yet the city, infested with saloons and seriously threatened by moral disintegration, badly needed such controls. In a public fight, the mayor and other crusaders marshaled the "good" elements in town to put through needed restrictions. Throughout the issue, Station KSEW, ignoring threats, carried daily non-partisan news reports to the people. When men such as the president of Sheldon Jackson Junior College and the Presbyterian minister rose in council meeting to attack the laissez-faire local attitude, KSEW took pains to make public their assertions. In the long run, justice—and honest reporting—triumphed; new ordinances were passed.

New times, new ways

Social, geographical, and economic differences greatly temper the Church's work in Alaska. The changing mission in southeast Alaska is a graphic case in point.

Historically, the greatest thicket of Presbyterian churches in

The old and the new in transportation pop up throughout Alaska. Skin boats, still used by Eskimos, contrast with the new 65-foot all-steel twin-engined *Anna Jackman* of the "Presbyterian Navy."



Alaska has bloomed in the Panhandle. Sprouting from the first missions at Sitka and Fort Wrangell, the Alaska Presbytery has churches at Angoon, Craig, Haines, Klawock, Klukwan, Hoonah, Hydaburg, Kake, Metlakatla, Kasaan, Petersburg, Skagway, Yakutat—dollop-sized towns, mostly, dappling the shore's edge.

This is the region of the totem pole and the salmon run, of twisting miles of open water and cone-shaped mountains interspersed with glaciers and blanketed with forests. The entire Southeast has only a few stretches of negotiable roads; transportation is by boat or by plane. Many a Panhandle child, comfortably at ease in a small plane just clearing the tall spruce, has never seen a locomotive or ridden in a car.

For years, the mainstay of the Southeast's economy was the fishing boat, wallowing out to deep water to return with salmon ready for canning on the spot. High competition and modern methods—old timers protest mammoth-catch innovations that ruthlessly drain the water of its silvery treasure—have drastically cut into fishing as a livelihood and forced the fishermen to look elsewhere for jobs. State laws may outlaw offending techniques and impede the downturn, but meanwhile fishing areas suffer.

As congregations in the coastal villages sink below the head-above-water point, mission leaders probe for new ways to supply them with services the village church can no longer provide. The new motorship, the *Anna Jackman*, with preacher and laymen teamed as a crew, calls at villages, canneries, and newly-cleared-off lumber camps along the waterways to hold services. Summer-times, a volunteer group from other states conducts round-the-circuit vacation Bible schools.

Meanwhile, as the dwindling fish catch frays away prosperity and drives men from the shore, new tasks face the churches in larger towns. Weathered men of the sea tend to flounder in the rough water of change and, as moral anchorages are swept away, to cover discouragement with the quick surcease of drink or family conflict. In places like Ketchikan and Juneau—both more than doubled in size as folk drift in to take jobs in the new pulp mills, on construction gangs, or behind counters—the Presbyterian churches have launched renewed drives to seine in those who need spiritual help.



Building a better Alaska

Such deep-seated social changes and disruptions put to test the Church's historic concern for the physical, mental, and economic well-being of the people it serves.

Education in Alaska is in a change-over state along with everything else. The University of Alaska accounts for some 500 students yearly, many from "Stateside"; others take their college degree "outside." But in three major cities community junior colleges related to the university are making available college education closer to home. A new Methodist college is projected for Anchorage.

Still unanswered is the dilemma of how to bring advanced education to the doorstep of young people who live in Arctic villages or remote mining camps. The Alaska Native Service has a boarding school for native Alaskans at Mount Edgecumbe, across the channel from Sitka. It has also developed a remarkably effective system of lower-grade village schools. But no plan for public education quite covers the need for mature character development.

At Sheldon Jackson Junior College, eighty-year-old Presbyterian boarding school, 150 students pursue education toward becoming "competent Christian citizens" along four lanes: classroom work, practical work assignments, study, and worship. Several elements in campus life bolster the school's goal of developing persons of character and maturity. For one, the student body is totally interracial with boys and girls of Eskimo, Indian, Norwegian, and white American background included on the class rolls. Courses of study run from the ninth grade through

two years of college. The work program is as important as the class schedule; every student has some job to do, on a rotating schedule, and the experience helps to convey the dignity and value



Typical of the island-studded Panhandle is the area around Sitka, with Mount Edgecumbe looming across the channel. Sheldon Jackson Junior College is on crescent-shaped bay in center foreground.

of honest work. Too, job assignments touch on some of Alaska's sorest needs. Duty in the campus infirmary, the equivalent of practice in home nursing, for example, helps create a defense

against Alaska's physical ills, among which tuberculosis is a chief crippler.

Worship programs include Bible classes and chapel services, Westminster fellowship, dormitory prayers, active participation in local church activities, and radio religious programming. The training in leadership pays dividends in many ways. Participation of two Sheldon Jackson co-eds in a quadrennial meeting at Purdue demonstrated to Presbyterian women the quality of the school's "competent Christian citizens." One student developed considerable following as a disk jockey over KSEW. Others have found that even campus fun has double dividends. Students from areas where even simple games—like volley ball or fruit basket upset—are unknown carry home ideas and leadership for much-needed community recreation programs.

Up the inlet from Juneau is a venture in community service of a totally different kind. Haines House, a basing point for children who need "tender loving care," gives a temporary home to youngsters whose mother is in a TB sanitarium or whose father is "on the drink" or out of a job, or who, by reason of death or separation, miss out on normal home life. Licensed under Alaska's Department of Public Welfare to care for forty children between five and eighteen, Haines House proffers such antidotes to misery as family-type fun, housemotherly care, farm and home chores, and close church affiliation.

Sensitivity to social needs prompted the appointment of Miss Isabel Miller, social-service-trained former Haines House executive, to the new post of Christian Social Worker for southeast Alaska. A link between home and Haines House or Sheldon

Jackson Junior College, she calls on Panhandle families, dredges up the kind of help they need from social service agencies, escorts the children to school or Haines.

In the Arctic, some of the same problems of social change and economic reshuffling prevail.

In Roy Ahmaogak's village on the Arctic Sea, gambling, swearing, and drinking were perplexities unknown until the advent of the white trader. But those Eskimos who are Christian take their faith seriously. Village men were all out hunting during universal week of prayer and could not meet for daily devotions. But wherever they were—on the tundra, out on the ice, in a coal mine—they paused at 12:30 for a moment of prayer.

At a similar observance on World Day of Prayer at Savoonga on St. Lawrence Island, women of the church left off their fur ruffs so their voices could be better heard. In this village of 250 Eskimos, the preacher, teacher, choir director, and janitress rolled into one is a woman, who shares the ministry on the treeless tundra-and-mountain island within sight of Siberia with a young couple at Gambell, fifty dog-team miles away.

Meeting point between the old and the new is found in the new hospitality house at Fairbanks. Eskimo families, drawn to Alaska's second largest city for jobs, for children's schooling, or pulled along by the hidden grapevine promising better things, precipitated moral and personal perplexities. Teen-age girls particularly, unused to city ways, proved innocently susceptible to the seeming attractions of the street corner pick-up or cocktail-bar flattery. The new Presbyterian Hospitality House, launched by the First Presbyterian Church and undergirded by the mission



In booming Fairbanks, the Presbyterian Hospitality House offers a haven for teen-age job-hunting girls from Eskimo villages, helps them learn simple skills.

board, offers a needed change of pace between village and city life. With sleeping space for ten or more girls to live temporarily, a place to cook, and rooms for "date nights" and clubs, the house epitomizes hospitality. One of its features is elementary job training for girls who lack even the simplest skills for getting a job. A staff of three is in charge.

At the parent-and-contemporary level, an Eskimo program at the Fairbanks church fills a similar chink. A part-time lay preacher meets newcoming Eskimos at the plane or calls on them at home, counsels with them over family, housing, or job problems, eases them over moral and spiritual dilemmas. The church welcomes

Eskimos to all services and activities. But it also provides special Sunday afternoon services and church school for Eskimos still more at ease with their own people.

A look ahead

A news story in the August 1, 1958, issue of *Presbyterian Life* began, "When Alaska is formally admitted to the union as the forty-ninth state, Presbyterians can remember gratefully that they were a weighty force in achieving statehood for the territory, that our missions and schools helped prepare Alaskans for self-government, and that we shall probably be the largest Protestant group in the new state." (In 1955, the Presbyterian Church in Alaska numbered 4,031 members, leading Episcopalians and Methodists, the next largest groups.)

Wherever the compass is spun in the new state, the needle points to the need to match service with advances currently in progress. Chaplains who have been along the DEW line say that nothing is so important as the lonely men scattered at its isolated posts, who seldom see a human face and desperately need the reassurance of prayer. Men in pastoral ministries attach prime importance—particularly in view of expected population growth—to burrowing away at the snowbank of icy indifference indigenous to Alaska.

Custom tailored to fit variety of needs as diverse as the land it serves, the Presbyterian enterprise in Alaska comes under four separate departments. The Department for Work in Alaska administers church work. The Department of Educational and Medical Work oversees posts like Sheldon Jackson Junior College

and Haines House. Civilian chaplaincies come under the Department of City and Industrial Work. The Office of Religious Broadcasting manages KSEW.

In the old days, men like Sheldon Jackson looked upon Alaska with urgency, as a sprawling mission field waiting to be opened to the work of the Church. Today, Alaska again is red-labeled "urgent." It is a mammoth-size ice pack beginning to heave and crack, as old-time ways break off and new pressures take over. Now that statehood is a reality, the Church must stand ready to cope with new and emerging problems—new influxes of population to Alaska cities, concern for Alaska natives, follow-through on ministries to outlying areas.

Dr. Eugene Carson Blake summed it up when he returned from his trip to churches and military bases: "We must give Alaska twice normal attention rather than half."

Holding the Line

ON a flying trip to Alaska to preach to servicemen and church people, Dr. Louis Hadley Evans, national missions minister-at-large, asked a jet pilot, "How does that plane of yours fit in with your philosophy of life?"

He replied, "It spells time for us, sir—a holding-the-line device."

"Time for what?" asked Dr. Evans.

"To change the human heart, sir. That's where God comes in."



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ALASKA

The People and the Work



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ALASKA

The People and the Work

by

ROBERT JOSEPH DIVEN



SEARCH the map of the globe as you may, nowhere else will you find a bit of country of equal size so oddly sprawled out under so curiously assorted climatic conditions as is Alaska. Early impressions of Alaska were lodged in the public mind by widely-circulated tales of hardships endured, or succumbed to, by the hordes of adventurers that overran some of its most inhospitable and desolate areas in search of gold, or by the accounts of ill-prepared agents and agencies of the gospel. The writer will allow that all such tales were literally true, and that the half has never been told. But the time has long since struck when citizens of the United States should revise their conceptions of our Northland; not by blotting out any of the vivid colors and romance of past days, but by painting into the old picture the enlarged horizons and gentler tints of the Alaska of today.

THE COUNTRY

Including the coast line of its numerous islands, Alaska honestly claims the total staggering stretch of twenty-six thousand miles of coast line, perhaps the most alluringly picturesque coastal scenery on the globe. She has thirty-three mountain peaks that lift their summits above ten thousand feet toward the sky, twenty-three of which exceed twelve thousand feet, twelve that exceed fourteen thousand feet, three that exceed seventeen thousand feet, and one that stretches to the commanding elevation of 20,307 feet, the loftiest pile on the American continent. Alaska has one river that is navigable for two thousand miles and others that are navigated by craft of considerable size for several hundred miles. Her climate represents nearly every shade of moisture from extreme wetness in some places to extreme dryness in others. Her temperatures range from that of much more southerly climes to the extreme frigidity of Arctic and sub-Arctic regions, her coldest areas being in the heart of the Territory instead of along the Arctic coast.

When men first staged those wildly picturesque stampedes into Alaska and other Northern regions in search of gold, nobody realized that many of the stampeders were tramping over some of the richest soil in

Uncle Sam's possession; nobody had eyes to recognize soils, or time to reason from the rich and superabundant indigenous plant-life to the present cultivated plants of corresponding hardiness and soil requirements; then nobody so much as dreamed that by 1930 there would be both cattle and sheep ranches in successful operation in some of Alaska's far-flung areas, or that wheat and many of the hardy vegetables of the States, so necessary for man's comfort and well-being, would become famed products of Alaskan acres. Some may have foreseen Alaska's timber and pulp-wood values, but nothing was said about such matters at that time. Although the salmon canning industry had already been launched, nobody had thought in large enough terms to forecast its destined extent and importance, an industry that has long outranked any other in the Northland, whose gross returns have more than equalled the returns from all other industries combined. Fur had already gripped the interest of hardy men and the commercial agencies they represented, yet it, too, remained unmeasured by even the wildest imagination; copper, coal, oil, fertilizers, many of the less well-known minerals, all were either unheard-of or but barely rumored when the citizenry of the United States formed their first impressions of "Seward's Folly." None of the thousands that swarmed over her mountains, drifted down her unmapped rivers, cursed her cold in winter and her mosquitoes in summer and prayed only for means by which to get back to the comforts from which they had come, had ever a thought of seeking permanent domicile in the strangely alluring but deadly Alaska of that early day. "A good country to be getting away from," was the popular verdict of thousands of disheartened and broken men.

THE PEOPLE: NEW CONDITIONS

But that is all changed now. Though greatly reduced in population as compared with stampede days, Alaska is now a better country than ever before, viewed from whatever angle you may choose. Her population has steadily increased in recent years, not so much by immigration as by family growth; for Alaska is steadily passing out of the shack period into the home period of her history. Where the cheerless shack and roving bachelor once held sway, the home and school now stand. Instead of unstable camps, Alaska now builds permanent towns and is seeking to establish on broad and deep foundations all the several institutions of which the American people are so justly proud. Where wild revelry and ill-concealed brutishness once fairly dominated the life of the country, you now quite generally find sobriety and a well-poised social state holding the reins. In spite of studied efforts, from both without and within, to swing Alaska back from her

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self-elected prohibition status into her earlier state of lawlessness, Alaska stands unshaken and determinedly aggressive in her insistence on orderliness and respectability. Indians of the Southeastern coast, not less interested than the whites, steadily rise to protest against continuing bad conditions and endeavor to point out ways that they believe should lead to permanency in improvement among all classes. The writer always takes delight in telling timid travelers from afar that Alaskans now lock their doors only in tourist season. And to those who would pity Alaskans on the score of seeming isolation he replies, "Each night, just before we retire, we tune in and listen to your next morning's paper being read, while you are soundly sleeping. Because we are four or five hours behind in time, we are just so much ahead in getting the important news of the world. As a gentle shock to your credulity, permit me to say that in Alaska is the only part of Uncle Sam's dominion where the gardener can plant his seeds at daylight and have the matured vegetables on his table before dark." (Consult a good geography if you doubt this last statement.)

THE WORK OF THE CHURCH IN ALASKA

Investors always like to know about returns on their investments. What has our church been doing throughout fifty-odd years in Alaska? Why are our churches so largely supported by mission funds? What sort of workers now carry on the church and school work in Alaska? Good questions all, and they should be answered.

Being the first Protestant church to open work in Alaska, ours has been an opportunity of rare importance and strategic advantage. Fifty-three years ago, when the first mission was launched at Wrangell, very few whites lived in Alaska. Alaska's thirty-five thousand Indians and Eskimos, with few exceptions, were living in a state of savagery—unless that grim term has lost all its earlier significance. Today one-half our sixty thousand inhabitants are white, and our whites compare favorably with the white citizenry of any other part of our national domain.

No savagery can be found now among the Indians of Alaska; the schools and churches have, in largest measure, brought about the change; the Eskimo, robbed by the sealers and whalers of three nations and reduced to a starving condition in consequence, early became a subject for Sheldon Jackson's sympathetic and courageous contemplation and were, through his direct interference and defense, given new hope and new life by introduction of the reindeer. The present reindeer herds, grown from Sheldon Jackson's modest beginnings to commanding size, now represent one of

freight rates on things received and things sent out are very high, even exceeding the rates of two decades ago. Homes, and schools, and the accessories of modern cultural life, severely tax the home-builders of the present, yet they are pressing courageously on, and they are contributing generously toward every worthy cause. Do you see why we still need mission support, and why we should have it in even greater measure than ever before?

THE PERSONNEL

As to the workers who carry on these Alaskan enterprises, the writer can hardly do better than to quote the reply of an Alaskan editor, who was being interrogated on this point by a distinguished churchman who seems to set great store by Arabic numerals while measuring the worth of men:

"Your missionary at this point? what's he like? what's he doing? not making a good showing in church reports? Well," and the busy editor-printer straightened to an erect posture beside the machine over which he had been working, "I don't belong to his church, but I'll say he's the best-loved man in town; he never refuses to answer a call for help, no matter who asks for his services; he sits with equally unfeigned interest by the side of refined folk or the dying outcast; he has met with ease, and welcomed in fitting address, some of the most distinguished federal embassies that have visited our country; and whenever I want to listen to a sermon, I go to hear him. I don't know anything about your church reports, figures, and so on, but, speaking as an editor in a small way, I doubt if figures can ever, even remotely, represent the sort of work your man is doing here. And judging by what I've heard him say concerning other representatives of your denomination, I suspect that there has never been a time when your churches in Alaska have been better manned than just now. Thanks for giving me a chance to speak a word for a good cause, in this personal manner."

The Ocean Wave

by

the pupils of the

Eighth Grade

in the

Sheldon Jackson School

Sitka, Alaska

1916-17

Foreword.

Believing that "we learn by doing" the eighth grade class prints the following pages from classroom exercises. We are conscious of our limitations in English composition, but think there may be friends among our readers who will find something of interest in the legends and stories of our race. It is our hope that through the kindly criticism and patience of teachers and friends we may become more proficient in written and oral expression, as well as in the other evidences of true education.

The Raven's Nose.

One day the Raven was walking along and he came to a village. Out on the bay there were lots of boats with men fishing in them. The Raven was hungry and did not know how to get food so he thought that he would go under the water and eat the bait off the hooks.

He started from one end to the other till he ate them all up. The men would pull up their lines and the bait was always gone but they never caught any fish. This went on for quite a while, and the men began to wonder why the bait would be gone but yet they never felt any bites from a fish.

The men began to talk about it and they got an old man who, they said, could find out. A boat went ashore and took the man out and he tried. All the men baited again and put down their lines. The Raven began to eat again. Just as soon as he got to the old man's line the old man felt it and jerked the line and the hook got caught in the Raven's nose. They began to pull him up; the Raven began to wish he would come beneath the boat

and he did. He kicked beneath the boat and pulled himself back as hard as he could. And the men pulled off his nose.

When they took it out of the water the men were full of wonder when they saw what it was. They brought it ashore and put it into one of the houses and it was kept as a most valuable thing.

The poor Raven didn't understand what to do without it so he got a piece of wood and made it just the same as his lost nose and he put it in place. He wanted his own nose so he started from the first house begging for it. He did not tell it was his but he made believe he was full of wonder and wanted to see what it was. They told him it was in the next house so he went and there they told him it was in the next house. And there they showed it to him. He took it and examined it very closely. He was saying that he never saw such a thing before. He made believe that he could not see very well so he came close to the fire and looked at it. All at once he pulled his false nose off and put his own back on, and flew out of the house through the smoke place.

—Amy Phillips.

Why the Bullhead's Tail Is So Small.

Our old ancestors believed that the Raven created the world and its animals and fish.

It is said that the Raven had been hungry for several days, and so he went along the shore looking for something to eat. As he went along he saw a Bullhead. It is said that the Bullhead never had such a slim tail and such a big head as it has now.

The Bullhead was in the water, the Raven was looking at it from the shore. He didn't know just how to get at it, so he studied for a while and then said, "Oh! my dear brother, My little brother, come here, I am so glad to see you." Then the Bullhead would come nearer and nearer every time the Raven called it. When the fish would come close enough the Raven would try to catch it. Then the Bullhead would make a turn and swim away, saying "No, I'm not your brother you are trying to catch me."

Then the Raven again would say, "Oh, my brother please do come, I'll tell you now. When we were just small brothers, we went out riding on a canoe and you happened to fall overboard from the bow of my canoe, that's

how you happened to live in the water." Then the Bullhead came close again and the Raven tried to catch it, he caught it near the head and his hand slipped towards the tail. The Bullhead got away again and said, "I am not your brother, I have been living here all the time." Then this made the Raven sore, so he said, 'You big-headed thing you, and you spiked tailed thing.'

This is how the Raven insulted the Bullhead. The slipping of the Raven's hand has made the tail so small on a Bullhead. This is why we see the Bullhead shaped that way now days. —Andrew Davis.

How The Flood Came.

A woman who lived in a village always went to lonely places weeping for she had lost her sons. She didn't know why they always died just as soon as they were seven or eight years old.

One day while she was weeping she heard some one call her, so she looked up but there was no one to be seen. She was called the same way three times. Before she was called the third time she stopped crying and looked around; she couldn't see any one in sight but a crane. She put her

head down again to see if she would be called again. While her head was down she was peeping at the crane. The crane began to come closer to the woman and called her. She looked up quickly and said, "It is you who called me, what do you want?" As she was saying this he came up to her and turned into a young man and asked her why she was weeping most of the time. She told him of the sorrow that was in her heart.

After the man had heard the story of the woman's sorrow he said, "Do you know who is killing your children like this? It is your brother." He asked her if she was willing to raise another child. She said that she was. He handed her a little green stone and said that it was going to be the child but she wasn't to tell any one about it. The woman went home happy because she was going to have a child which her brother could not kill.

At last one day she got the baby. The crane had told her to let the little boy have its own way and so as it grew bigger she let it have its own way. One day she made a large bow and arrow for her son and told him not to let his uncle see it. She also told him

how cruel his uncle had been to the children born before him. This drove hatred for his uncle into the boy but he always did as his uncle asked him to do without saying a word.

One day the little boy's uncle sent for him, saying that they were going to the woods for something. The mother knew the time had come now when her brother would try to kill her last son. She told her son to take his bow and arrow with him. So he put it under the blanket he wore and went with his uncle.

After they had gone a long way from home he led his nephew to a road leading farther up and told him to go on and he would follow afterwards. As he was going up the road he heard a queer voice. He knew his uncle had sent him here to face the death so he went on. At last he saw a very large bluejay coming towards him. He struggled with it for a long time and then he killed it.

He found his way back home. He hid his bow and arrow outside and opened the door. His uncle was in the house telling his sister that her son ran away from him into the woods and he couldn't find him. But as the little boy

came in his uncle stopped talking and asked him how he came back and he said that he fought with a big bluejay and killed it. His uncle was surprised but didn't say anything. He thought that his nephew was killed by the bluejay.

When the little boy was fighting with the bluejay he was almost killed but he turned into the little green stone that was given to his mother by the crane when she was weeping.

A few days after this his uncle sent for him again, saying that they were going to cut down a tree. The little boy went again with his uncle. They went farther away from home than they did the first time. The uncle started to chop a tree down while his nephew was standing near by. When the tree was ready to fall any minute he stopped chopping and told his nephew to go in and throw the chips out. When the little boy went into the trunk of the tree he went to the other side of it and began to chop it down. It fell down towards the little boy's side. After this happened he looked around the tree and was satisfied with what he had one for he beleived that he had killed his nephew at last. He went home and came to his sister

and told her that the little boy was killed. He said that as the tree was falling the little boy got into the way and he couldn't save him. As he was talking his nephew stepped in through the door. His uncle couldn't beleive his eyes; he asked the little boy saying, "Where have you been all this while?" The little boy said that he had been sleeping by the tree his uncle had chopped down. The little boy was not killed because he turned into the little green stone just as soon as the tree broke and it rolled out beside the tree where he said he had slept.

The third time he sent for his nephew saying, that they were going out in a boat to get some devil fish. This time they went farther away from home than they did the second time. They were looking for devil fishes caves close to the shore. Before the little boy knew what his uncle was doing he was pushed over board. He had a long pole with a hook at the end in his hand. His uncle went home thinking that he had drowned his nephew at last. When he came to his sister he said that his nephew fell over board and got drowned because

it. Now take your drawing hammer] and hammer it into shape on the stake. When you think you have the right shape cut the rough edges off and smooth it with a file and an emery cloth. The last hammer you have to use is a planishing hammer. The stake, however, has to fit inside of the rough bowl in order to use the planishing hammer. Before you start in using your planishing hammer be sure that it is polished. If you use it with unpolished face your piece of work will be rough by the time you have finished. After this, polish it up with buff which runs by machinery. When you finish polishing, boil water with soap and wash off the material which you use for polishing then dry it with sawdust. To protect it from changing its color put lacquer around the bowl you have finished.

It is good to have this for a nut bowl or fruit bowl.

—Andrew Johnson.

The Vogage of Columbus.

It was on August 3, 1492 that three small vessels of Columbus sailed out for a new land. The

people bade them farewell, hoping, that no danger would come against them.

Out into the open sea they sailed not knowing where there were going. Day after day the fleet sailed onward. The sailors were discouraged and they begged Columbus to turn back. Columbus told them that they were going on until they found new land.

Columbus believed that he was near some shore for he saw some birds, which fly only a short distance from shore, and a stock covered with fresh berries. In the morning they saw light. At the daybreak they saw green shore before them. All falling on their knees with rejoicing they thanked God and calling to each other they shouted land! land!

Can you see Columbus' happy face? Can you see the sailors running up and down the deck with rejoicing? Can you see Columbus dressed in his fine clothes going a shore to take possession of the land in the name of the King and Queen of Spain? Columbus was happy and filled with new life again. All the sailors started out from the ship to go ashore as if they were familiar with land.

—Matilda Walton.

Editor-in-chief, Victor Zuboff
 School News, Amy Phillips
 Allison Peters

Sports, Ned Simeon
 Hannah Daniels

Stories, Lenora Peters
 Lucy Bean

Poems, Andrew Johnson
 Personals, Margaret Cox

Book Review, Dora Walton
 Lucy Widmark

Wit and Humor, Frank Williams
 Josephine Scott
 Matilda Walton

Essays, Geo. Fulton
 Andrew Davis

Editorials, Stephen Nicholas

School News.

The children were all excited a few weeks ago over the snow that came down for they all thought they would play snow ball soon, but the next morning when they got up the snow was all melted off the ground. Later when much snow did come the school boys and girls seemed to be afraid of the snow; there were hardly any boys and girls playing in the snow.

Miss MacKubbin's morning class, the sixth and seventh grade girls, had a stuffed roast duck, cranberry jelly, and biscuits for a lesson. This is the first time the girls of S. J. S. ever had a duck in Domestic Science class. The girls enjoyed the lesson very much and hope they may have another one. Miss MacKubbin says the eighth grade will have one, too, sometime.

The schoolroom teachers occasionally enjoy refreshments made by the girls in the D. S. classes.

The shop girls are busy making new uniforms for Sunday.

The seventh and eighth grade girls are making serge dresses which are dark blue.

All the sixth, seventh and eighth grade pupils have a period for drawing which is taught by Miss Kuykendall.

The eighth grade pupils are enjoying their history lessons which are taught them by Mr. Pryde.

One afternoon in October the S. J. S. boys and girls went picking cranberries and had a picnic which all the children enjoyed.

The three fifth year Domestic Science girls are having reviews with the fourth year class.

The pupils who were able to do extra work last year and during the summer have come into the eighth grade in good standing. They are to be commended for their diligence.

The class had practice in voting. They all seemed to like Mr. Wilson. All the votes were for him, except one which was for Mr. Hughes.

Girls and teachers are busy making Christmas presents; some are thinking they won't have them finished by Christmas.

We are all glad to see Miss Kuykendall well again. She had been out of school nearly three weeks.

Lawrence Widmark must have been lost in the woods somewhere as he did not return to finish the eighth grade work.

We are sorry that Sarah Johnson and George Hanson have not been able to return to their work. Both have been in the

hospital at Juneau. George has been able to return to Killisnoo and Sarah is better.

Our matron is very much pleased with the way the girls are keeping their rooms and dormitory in order.

The girls and boys have an hour of practice on new songs twice a week.

Last year our carpenter boys were repairing things around the school buildings. This year they are working in the shop. They are doing excellent work. Frank Williams has finished a nice magazine rack and George Fulton a fine seat.

The school is getting a program ready for Christmas.

The small boys and girls enjoyed their social last Saturday evening.

It was a week before Thanksgiving Day that the matron in the children's kitchen said, "We are going to have salt fish for Thanksgiving dinner." But when we came to the dinner there was fine fresh roast venison on the tables, then we found out that what she said was only a joke for the hunters had gone out and got ten deer.

Halloween Party.

On Saturday evening, October twentieth, the pupils of Miss Stevenson's room had a Halloween party in Home Mission Monthly Hall. The large room that has at times been used for a dormitory, was fixed up. At one end was a fire place with a big pot hanging over the fire and a witch sitting by it.

As the guests came in they were introduced to the ghosts who were sitting upon chairs turned down and covered with blankets to hide the shaky seat. As the guests were seated the ghosts would jump up and the seat would come down guests and all. Miss Frances Stevenson and David Howard were among those who went to the floor.

In one corner there was a pan full of water with apples in it and some tried to get an apple out by biting it.

Everybody enjoyed the party for there were many games to play.

After the witch gave directions for finding fortunes, each would take a card on which a fortune was written and hold it over a candle to show the words as they were written with the witch's ink. The witch also blindfolded different ones and the person blindfolded would dip his fingers into one of the four bowls of water, which told what kind of a person the one was going to marry. Refreshments were served but each one was asked to eat his ancestors eyes (grapes) before being allowed to have any.

After the refreshments all the party sat down on the floor around the fire of alcohol and salt and told ghost stories.—Lucy Bean

Thanksgiving At S. J. S.

We had a holiday and spent the morning just like Sunday. Some girls went down to the kitchen at nine o'clock to get the big dinner ready which all the children expected. We went to church at ten o'clock and heard our pastor read a part of the Proclamation written by President Wilson and some scripture lessons and give a short sermon. Because of the church not being warmed very much we were dismissed early.

After the church service was over we came out and went to dinner. The dining room was decorated with evergreens and all the tables had new table cloths and pretty ferns on them. Everybody seemed to be happy as they took their places at the tables. The teachers waited on the tables. All had a good dinner.

In the evening, at eight o'clock, an entertainment was given by the pupils in the gymnasium. One part enjoyed by the pupils was where the third grade girls and boys came as animals and said they were thankful for the things they got to eat. Another scene represented John Alden and Priscilla in a courtship. This was given by the fourth and fifth grades. The sixth and seventh grades gave a scene from the time of the belief in witches, in 1696. The part most enjoyed by the audience was the witches' dance.

Basket Ball.

S. J. S. is still coming up. The first team is doing very nicely this year. The games played with S. A. C. and A. N. B. were interesting games. S. J. S. has never lost a game so far.

A game was played with the S. A. C. on December 5. At the beginning of the first half, the score was 9 to 10 in favor of S. A. C. The last half S. J. S. speeded up. The score keeper got tired of marking down the score in favor of S. J. S. but one who was interested in the score says it was 22 to 15.

A game was played on December 15, at S. J. S. gymnasium. S. J. S. played against A. N. B. this time.

First the second team played. The score was tie all the way through. When it was just two seconds more the A. N. B. shot a free throw, and won the game.

The first team then played. It was a clean game won by S. J. S.

—Ned Simeon.

Hunting Trip.

Last Saturday before day break we started to go across the bay, hunting deer. There were ten boys and four teachers from the school. And soon we reached the place where we were going which is called Deep Bay.

Five boys started to go up on the right side and nine of us went across to the left side. Eight of us went up on the mountain, and one boy stayed down for cook.

Three of us were the first boys to come down with two deer and Mr. Cook was standing on the beach, where we camped without fire. All day it had been raining and you could see his legs shaking, and we were cold too that time because there was no fire to warm by.

The boy we took for our cook was trying to make a fire before we came down from the mountain, but he got short of matches. As we were standing on the beach we saw the boy, on the right side come down from the mountain. The boat was out, and one boy swam after it, and we went across for those boys. They got two deer, too. And as we were going back to our camp, all the other people came down

There were lots of wax flowers growing undisturbed by people. A little stream ran stealthily by an old tree that had fallen some time ago. The tree lay there with its branches standing straight out. Farther in the woods a few blue berries and salmon berries were growing. The sun was shining down making bright spots here and there in the woods. There was no wind and not a branch was moving.

That was the prettiest and most peaceful place I ever saw.—Margaret Cox.

Rules of Behavior.

Do not lean on the table at meals.

Do not talk too loud or make a noise with your spoons and plates.

Respect the persons with whom you eat.

Be happy and take what you get and be satisfied with it.

Do not serve dishes too full at the table.

Be careful of soiling the table cloth.

Eat quietly.

Keep elbows off the table.

Don't talk with your mouth full of food.

Be not greedy at the table and grab the food; ask for it kindly.

Eat slowly and chew your food well.

Don't play or sing while you are eating.

Don't spill the food on the table; be careful how you handle it.

Don't put your chair too far away from the table; that makes your head bend over the table.

Always give the ladies their first choice at a meal.

Do not be angry at the table, even if anything very serious happens.

Just For Fun.

One day the boys went over to visit the girls and I went over too.

The girls asked me if I knew any jokes, and I said, "not one." But I can tell you of two men, who argued over a Scotch name. The given name is "Mac" (Mack) and the surname is what they had the argument over, which was Hinery. One of the men said it was "Hinery" and the other said it was "Henery" which do you think was right? I asked the girls and some of them said "Hinery is right" and some of them said, "Henery is right" and then I said, "I always thought it was "Machinery" (Ma-chin-er-y.)

— Andrew Davis.

Small Tommy: "Our teacher whipped a boy today for whispering, but it didn't do any good."

Mamma: "Why not? Small Tommy: "Cause it made him holler ten times louder than he whispered."

A child once went home almost broken-hearted from a school she had entered only that day, saying through her tears, "The teacher told me to 'sit down for the present' and she never brought it."

Teacher—What are the three words you use the most?

Senior— I don't know.

Teacher—Correct.

—School B. Journal.

Teacher—Robert, how is it you haven't your lesson? It couldn't have been so very hard to learn.

Bobby—No, please teacher; it wasn't because it was so hard to learn, but because it was so easy to forget.—Boston Transcript.

It was the first time that four-year-old Willie had ever seen a snake; and, as it writhed and squirmed along, he ran into the house to tell of his discovery. "O mother," he explained, "come here quick. Here's a tail wagging without any dog.

"Now boys," said the school-master, "suppose in a family, there are five children and the mother has only four potatoes to divide among them. She wants to give each child an equal share. What is she to do? Silence reigned in the room. Everybody was calculating diligently. Finally one little boy put up his hand.

"Well Johnny, what would you do?" asked the teacher. "Mash the potatoes, sir."

"If a young man takes his best girl to the opera, spends \$5 on a supper after the performance, and then takes her home in a taxi, should he kiss her good

night? "I don't think she ought to expect it. Seems to me he has done enough for her."

An English girl coming to America for the first time, read on the Boston hotel bill of fare. "Baked Indian Pudding." "O Auntie, this is just horrible!" exclaimed the shocked young lady, "And they call this a civilized country!"

Class Roll

LUCY BEAN

MARGARET COX

HANNAH DANIELS

LENORE PETERS

AMY PHILLIPS

JOSEPHINE SCOTT

DORA WALTON

MATILDA WALTON

LUCY WIDMARK

ANDREW DAVIS

ANDREW JOHNSON

GEORGE FULTON

ALLISON PETERS

NED SIMEON

FRANK WILLIAMS

VICTOR ZUBOFF

Class Officers

PRESIDENT
VICE-PRESIDENT
SECRETARY

ANDREW DAVIS
JOSEPHINE SCOTT
HANNAH DANIELS

Class Colors

GREEN AND WHITE

Class Flower

WAX FLOWER

Motto

LIVE AND LEARN



Alaskan Wild Flowers.

The Sheldon Jackson School seeks to point native boys and girls to ways of usefulness by training them to think sanely, to do practical work with tools, and to develop strength of character. This training will be of benefit in the earning of a livelihood, and in the exercise of American citizenship; but more than that it will change the home and industrial life of the native people, so as to eliminate the evils that now tend to retard the progress of the race.



Medicine Men of Alaska

A Letter for Light Bearers

Sheldon Jackson School

March, 1925

Sitka, Alaska



The Latest Sport Styles

Styles in Alaska

Today if you were to go to Sitka you would find the natives wearing about the same sort of clothes that you wear. Ever since Uncle Sam bought the territory from Russia the people have wanted the "United States Fashion." However if you could have been there about a hundred years ago you would have found things very different. Marian Wilson, who is in the eighth grade at Sheldon Jackson School this year, has written a story about these "Changing Fashions." When you have finished reading it, take another look at the picture of the Medicine Men on the front page for they are wearing blankets like those described. Speaking of blankets, do you remember that the "Totem Pole Story" in the January "Missionary Mail" mentioned a blanket that the hunter's sister wove for him?

"About a century ago the natives of Alaska wore deerskin or caribou clothing with some fur, but very little cotton and woolen clothing. The mothers did all the sewing in the home, perhaps with the aid of the older daughter.

"The little boys were dressed in long trousers trimmed with fringes down the side seams, short little jackets, also trimmed with



Work-a-Day Dresses

fringes down the shoulder seams, around the collar and down the front. Marten, mink, and squirrel skins were used for the jackets and these were trimmed with the tails which made them more dressy in appearance. These fur jackets were used in place of coats for outdoor wear. The girls' skirts were also trimmed with fringes down the side seams and around the hem, and the jackets were like those of the boys. Sometimes, the jackets were embroidered in porcupine quills or beaded in various colors and designs. Red and blue felt were often used for the jackets, for the people loved bright colors.

"For parties or dances they wore their handsomest blankets. These were black or blue woolen blankets with red binding and trimmings of shell buttons on the binding. Robes made of squirrel skins trimmed with fringes at the sides and at the lower part were liked very much, but the famous Chilkat blankets from Klukwan, north of Haines, were the most prized. These blankets were made from the wool of the mountain goats. The wool was dyed a jet black, yellow, or bluish green, curious fancy designs were woven on them. The border was made rich and heavy and finished at the lower part with a deep fringe. Sometimes instead of blankets they wove sleeveless shirts, which came down to the knees. These were

usually worn by men. The designs which they used on the blankets or shirts were made according to the tribes. They used these blankets as ornamentation rather than as necessary clothing.

"Large ear rings of abalone shells were among the ornaments used. For headress at these parties the hair was tied on stickups of painted feathers. These were used by the young people. The older men wore queer looking, cone-shaped hats with bird or animal designs on them. The hats worn by the women were trimmed with rows of sealion whiskers on top of them, and ermine skins hanging down at the back, and inlaid with abalone shells on the front.

"It was the custom for these men to leave their hats on during the entertainment. These were worn only by the heads of the tribes or the chiefs.

"For foot wear at these parties the people wore their best beaded moccasins and beaded leggings. This was their style for evening dress."

Many of you have gone fishing but I do not think that you have ever had the experience that two Sheldon Jackson boys had. This is the way one of the second grade girls told about it in her own words.

"Once upon a time there was two boys and they went fishing. They got lots of fishing. But it was getting dark and time for supper. After supper they went again after the fish. The boys saw a bear by the fish and the bear was eating the fish. The two boys went back to school. The small boys saw the bear again back of small boys building but the small girls were making noise after supper. The matron told us to keep quiet so we keep quiet. She told us not to make noise so the boys could try to shot the bear."

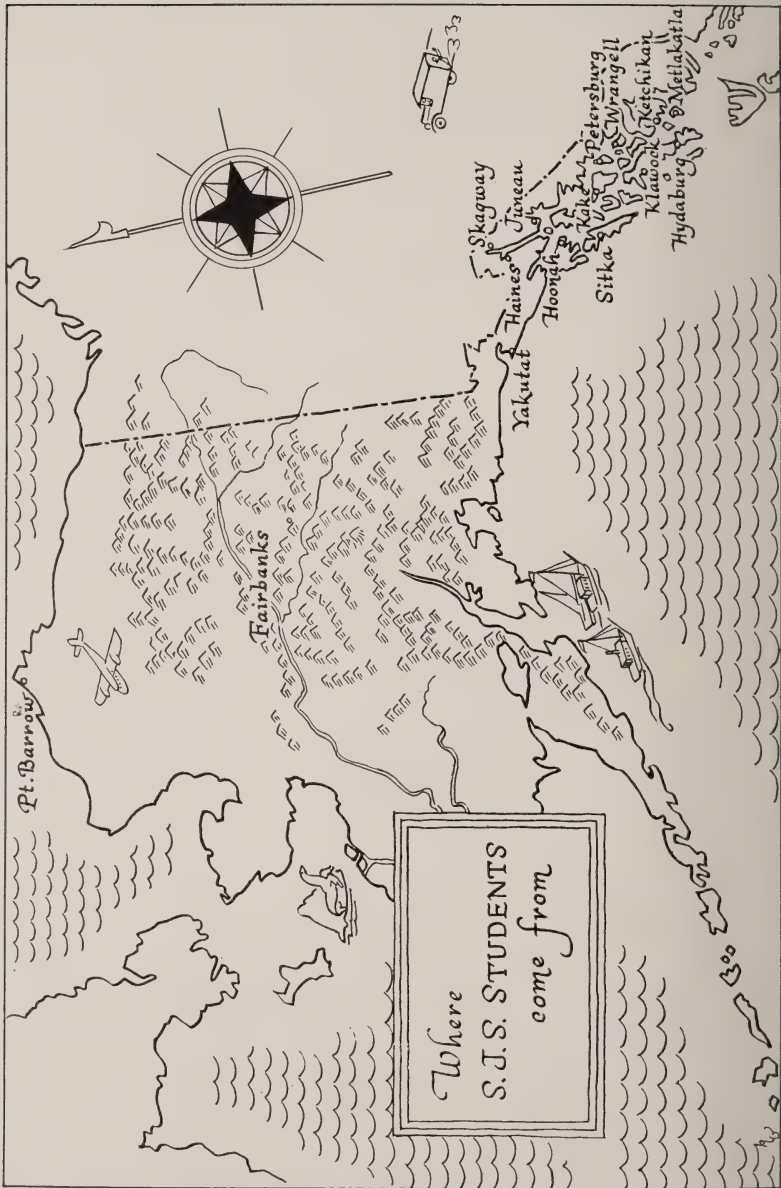
Department of Young People's Work
The Board of National Missions
of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

Sheldon Jackson School

ALASKA



JUNIOR HIGH FRIENDSHIP FRONTIERS IN NORTH AMERICA



Prospecting

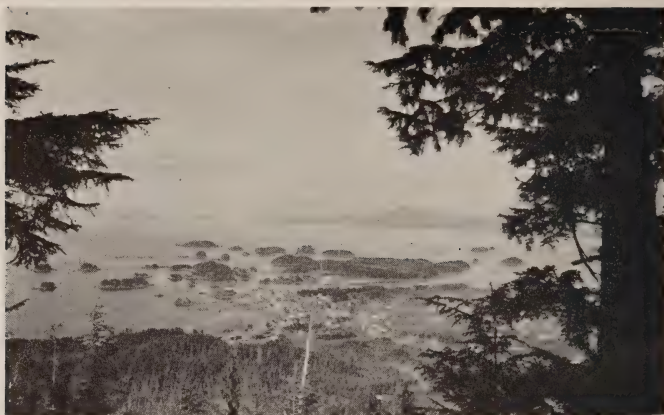
IN THE VERSTOVIAN

This is a strange sort of prospecting trip. You can imagine if you want to, that you are in Sitka, Alaska, but instead of prowling around through the country—or sailing around, one should say there—you will be prowling through the files of a school paper, *The Verstovian*. This is the school paper of the Sheldon Jackson School, and it is named for the mountain which overlooks the campus—Mt. Verstovia, beautifully dressed in evergreens, and wild flowers, and capped with gleaming snow.

What can one discover in digging into the files of a school paper? You can easily think of some of the things: the kind of country which surrounds the school and the occupations of the people; the history of the school itself, what it stands for, the activities of the students, what they think about, and what the Church is doing for them. Sheldon Jackson School is supported by the Presbyterian Church because of a special need, the need for providing Christian education for the native Indian young people of Southeastern Alaska, who otherwise would not have a fair chance for any kind of education. These young people are the hope of the territory. It is a frontier country and has all the problems of the frontier—drink, immorality, gambling, rough language, and godlessness. It is not easy to be thoroughly Christian there, yet that is what Sheldon Jackson graduates are hoping to be. Their motto is “Competent Christian Citizenship.”

Below Mount Verstovia





Sitka from Mount Verstovia

Getting Your Bearings

Sheldon Jackson School was having a birthday, and the students were interested in finding out as much as they could about its beginning and early days, and comparing the past with the present. Some of the accounts of what they learned were published in *The Verstovian*. Here are two:

S. J. S. IN THE EARLY DAYS

My grandfather, a full-blooded Tsimpsen now about 65 years of age, once attended the Sitka Training School, which is now called Sheldon Jackson School.

My grandfather has often told me of conditions in his day. Since there were no power-driven boats in Alaska then, all their traveling was done in canoes. One summer his parents said that he would have to go to school. With a group of other young boys, he set out from Metlakatla weeks before school started in order to get there on time. They stayed not

just for a regular school year of nine months, but from four to nine years.

In the summer they camped out and dried fish, put up berries, and hunted. In the winter they had only one stove apiece, one in the boys' building and one in the girls' building, to keep them warm. If they were not going to school, the boys felled trees and chopped wood for the stoves, dug and pulled stumps from the ground, while the girls cooked and washed clothes by hand in a river or a creek.

Today we have an altogether different setting. We can come up

to the school in a few days or a few hours, depending on whether we come by boat, power-driven ship, or plane. We do not stay here by the years, but by the months.

Our summers are spent at our home towns. In the winter, from Monday until Friday, we work or receive vocational training for three and one-half hours, go to school for another three and one-half hours, and spend two hours in study hall each night. The rest of the day is for recreation, meals, and sleep.

Our buildings are kept well heated by oil burners, and we have a good laundry to wash and press our clothes. Our school is now accredited.

THE BEGINNING OF S. J. S.

In 1880 the school was an old government building which was small and overcrowded. The students had only benches for desks. This old building became a boarding school when several boys asked if they could sleep in it. They couldn't study at home because there was too much noise and their parents weren't Christians. This building was too small so they lived in a little room in the old Russian barracks near by. Out of boxes they built beds. They had neither pillows nor mattresses, only a few blankets. Of course they needed to look at themselves so they let the tops of tin cans serve for mirrors. They fixed the room as neat as possible and were quite proud of their accomplishment.

Fire claimed the old building in 1882. This did not discourage the Indian boys. They wanted to build another. Dr. Jackson received \$5000 for a new building after telling of the fire and of how eager the boys were.

The new building was constructed on a new site 30 feet above sea level, where our present campus is situated. It was not cleared as it is now. There were many stumps to be pulled out.

Dr. Jackson did not have enough lumber to finish the building. He soon heard of a cannery near by that was destroyed by the snow. With the help of Governor Brady and Indian men they brought in enough good lumber to finish the school.

The building was 50 by 100 feet, three stories high with an attic. With the help of the Marines the roof was finished the same year. Later another building was erected for the girls.

In 1911 the two buildings were torn down and six new buildings were erected, besides two houses for the staff. New subjects came along with the new buildings.

The children all had Indian names, so they had to be renamed by the teachers. No wonder most Indians have common names!

The first name of the school was Sitka Mission School. Later the name was changed to Sitka Training School. After 1911 when all the new buildings were finished the school was named Sheldon Jackson School. It stands as a monument to Dr. Jackson, who gave so much of his life to help the native people of Alaska.

Sitka

These articles in the *Verstovian*, take it for granted that the readers know where Sitka is and what the country around it looks like, because they were written to be read by Sheldon Jackson students. Perhaps it would be well to locate the place for the rest of us.

If Alaska is part of the roof of the world, then Sitka lies along the eaves. It is located on Baranof Island along the Inside Passage where thousands of small islands are strung along the coast of Canada. To use another comparison they form the "tail" of Alaska, but as a recent writer has said, "it is the tail that wags the dog." They are really the tops of a range of mountains whose sides slope down under the ocean. The waters around the islands are filled with fishing boats, their masts like a thicket stripped of leaves. Only in the fishing season they sail away to the fishing grounds. Wooden wharves, up on poles, are built out from the shore for landing places, and when the tide comes in the boats can pull up to the wharves. When the tide is out, the boats lie low even below the bottoms of the straight up and down ladders. Climbing these ladders is quite an art.

Around Sitka are snow-covered peaks with glaciers on their sides, and it is true that they look cold. Still, their slopes are covered with forests of spruce and western hemlock, and wild flowers and mosses carpet them with color. The Japanese Current along the coast makes the climate warmer than that of New England. At some times of the year—too often, travelers usually think—damp fog settles down over the Inside Passage, but when the sun does come out it lights up loveliness on every side.

Here are some phrases picked up out of *The Verstovian* to help give us a feeling of the country: Kodiak School, Angoon Public School, waited for a boat, steamship agent, passenger boats, air transport office, get a plane, fourteen deer, yellow cedar for a mast, six handsome skiffs of red and yellow cedar, roast venison, air base, up the trail of Harbor Mountain, a tough pack, skating with a few spills, liquor, education, health, livelihood, tuberculosis, cannery operations, preparations for seining, native foods, fish beginning to show up, unloading the wood, rainy weather, heavy fog, model airplanes, totem poles, baskets, canoes, potlatch ladies, ceremonial costumes, outfitting a crew, long summer hours, the *S. J. S.*, the *Princeton-Hall*.

School boys built this boat



The last two items show up in almost every paper. The *S. J. S.* is the motor work-ship used by the students on all sorts of business. The students built it. It carries them back and forth from their homes to the school; it goes on pleasure excursions and fishing trips; it carries supplies; it goes on basketball trips and choir trips. *S. J. S.* could hardly do without it. They built the *Princeton-Hall*, too. That is the mission boat which carries its minister skipper, Paul Prouty, to the various churches in Southeast Alaska, carries young people to conferences, and does business for the Church.

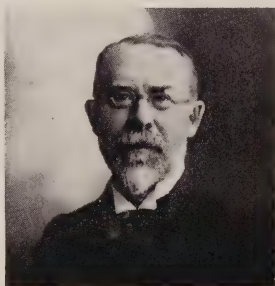
Sheldon Jackson

The man for whom the school was named was "the Great Beginner," "the Little Missionary," "the Grasshopper Preacher." There are few places in the Northwest, the Rocky Mountain Region, or the Southwest that have not been touched in his travels. Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Eastern Nevada, Idaho, and Alaska—more than a million and a half square miles—made up his parish. The length of his travels adds up to about a million miles—and there were no streamliners nor airplanes, either, in his day. He rode by pony cart, stagecoach, wagon, horseback; he walked, he hiked, he climbed mountains and slid down them; he forded rivers, he paddled canoes, and he pushed through blinding storms. He could sleep anywhere—on a table, a bench, a buggyseat, the ground. He used to say he was thankful he was so short because he fitted better into buggy seats. Everywhere he went he learned what was needed, and started it—a church, a missionary society, a school. "In sixteen days he organized seven churches." That, you will have to admit, was quick work.

His narrow escapes read like the accounts of the Apostle Paul's journeys. He was "in perils often." "Five times the stage was robbed just before or after he passed over the route; once there was only the motion of a finger between him and death as a half-dozen revolvers were pointed at him; once he escaped scalping by Apaches on the warpath only by a matter of a few hours. Again he went unharmed when his steamer on the upper Missouri was fired into by hostile Indians and once he was delivered from prison where he had been thrust for the Gospel's sake."^{*}

^{*} From "*Presbyterian Pioneers*" by Katherine Crowell.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson,
"The Great Beginner"



Getting Acquainted

Sheldon Jackson School has regularly scheduled classes for junior and senior high school and junior college. The junior college is bi-racial; that is, both native Alaskans and white young people may attend. There are courses in English, math, history, science, social science, and vocations. Home nursing is offered, and Red Cross first aid. The whole curriculum is built around a special plan for Bible courses.

Students go to daily chapel, have prayers in the dining room, attend church and Sunday school in the Sitka church, hold five discussion groups every Sunday evening, have a splendid school choir, and a missionary society for seniors. The school and the church in town work together closely. They have a joint bazaar. They join in a beautiful Easter sunrise service and in Christmas programs. A Sheldon Jackson student was sent last year (1945) to a presbytery meeting. Every student belongs to some church. Last year 81 of them were Presbyterians, 16 belonged to the Greek Orthodox Church, and 37 to other denominations. You see how religion is the basis for everything else—as it should be.

Now who are the students who do all these things? Most of them are Indians. Last year, by tribes, there were 80 Thlingits, 11 Haidas, 9 Eskimos, 1 Tinneh, 1 Athapascan, and 23 Tsimpseans. By occupations, the great majority of their fathers are fishermen; some are store owners and day laborers; and in the list are a cannery foreman, a store clerk, a boat builder, a carpenter, a restaurant owner, a cold storage worker, a night watchman, and a road maintenance man. A half dozen students are supported by their mothers, and nine of them are orphans.

They are like any crowd of lively boys and girls. If you will read the following selections from *The Verstovian*, you will see that they can work, play, and enjoy beauty; that they have a sense of humor, and a knowledge of the things which make life sound and good.

SITKA RAIN

It was on Tuesday we worked for Mr. Doig. We got on the truck and went for some wood. It was raining hard. By the time we got to the teachers' tepee we were soaked to the skin. First we had to unload the wood and take it to the woodshed. Then we had to saw and chop the wood. Nobody can say we don't work at S. J. S.

—Harold Peterson

MY SUMMER WORK

I worked on a fish buyer's boat last summer. There wasn't much to the job and it got tiresome after I had worked for about a month. The last month was the hardest for we ran almost day and night. On the last day we had to take the elevator, chutes, and nets out of the boat and clean it up well before we got off.

—Kenneth Leask



"We had a song service on the boat"

MY SUMMER WORK

When school was almost out last spring, I began to work for the teacher's wife in Klukwan. The last part of June I moved to the cannery — Haines Packing Company. We had to stay at the cannery for eight hours a day because we were working for a \$251 contract.

Anyone who left before eight hours or who missed three days couldn't make the \$251. I had to quit just three days before the cannery closed and so I couldn't make the \$251. I had to leave because I didn't want to miss the boat that was going to S. J. S.

—Mary Lee

OUR TRIP FROM KETCHIKAN

The *Princeton-Hall* pulled into the Thomas Basin dock at Ketchikan at 7:30 a. m. on September 4th after picking up students from Metlakatla. The captain gave those students half an hour

to go up town to shop or do what ever they wanted. Just at 8:05 we left the docks of Ketchikan for the next stop, Wrangell. We had a song service on the boat in which all the students took part. Mary Baines played the organ for us while we sang. We got to Wrangell about 5:45 the same day. Next we came to Petersburg which was about 11:00 that night. We left there early the next morning and came to Sitka about ten o'clock at night, September 5th.

—Irene Williams

MY SUMMER WORK

This summer I worked at the cold storage plant. When I started working on May 19, I thought I would quit after a week was up, but I did not. Whenever a boatload of halibut came in, I would get mad; but that would not do any good because the boat had to be unloaded anyway. Actually, I had lots of fun working there.

—Gilbert Gunderson

ON WOMEN'S HATS

In the early days women folk used to look into the mirror to see if their hats were on straight. Now they peer anxiously at their reflections to make sure that their head-gear is poised at a lop-sided angle. Some hats lean back; some lean forward; some a little to one side; and some lop over on the ear. The male spectator finds it all very interesting.

SHORT SAYINGS

In chemistry, by adding sodium to chlorine we get salt. So in life thanks plus giving yields blessing.

A fellow doesn't last long on what he has done. He's got to keep delivering as he goes along.

If we live up to the high standards that our school has made for us in basketball, we must all co-operate and show to the best of our ability that we respect the rules of the game.

The characteristics of a good American as I believe them to be are: kindness, religion, pride in being an American, loyalty, bravery, honesty, and generosity.

Our minds were not given us to put away on a shelf.

The problem of alcohol depends on each individual. If each person really wanted S. E. Alaska to be bone dry he would not buy or drink alcohol.

Even if there is a strong wind a boat is guided with a very small helm. So it is with the tongue. We should strive to control our tongues.

God always watches over those who love and have faith in Him.

"WILD BLOWIN' WIND"

He whispers through our rooms
at night,
He makes the pine trees moan
and sing,
Whistling, howling, rain-soaked
wind;
Each wave he flings upon the
shore,
He drives the fog and hides the
hills,
Never resting, never still.
From north or south or east or
west,
Wild-blowin' wind, I like you
best.

—*Catherine Hoffman*
(Eighth Grade)

"ALASKAN PARADISE"

I love to climb up rugged mountains
And run through valleys steep
and wild,
And drink at sparkling, natural
fountains,
Then rest in camp on evenings mild.
It's all so sweet and dear to me,
Alaskan life so wild and free!

—*Willis James*
(Seventh Grade)

OUR FRIEND

Great was Christ in sincerity;
Kind was He to the humble;
Slow was He to anger;
Love had He for everybody.

—*Fred George*
(Eighth Grade)

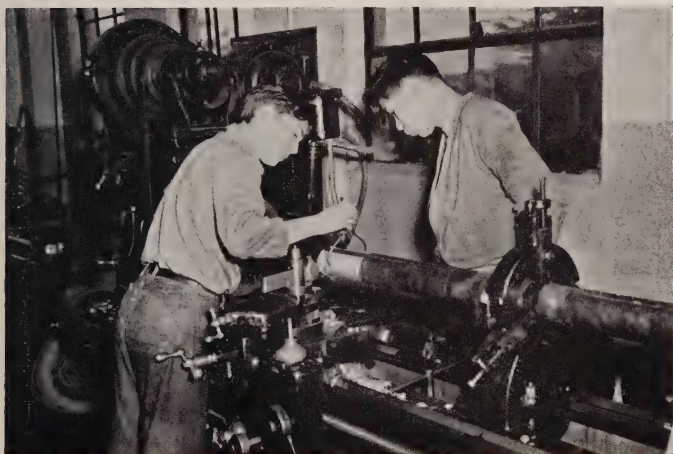
JAWBONE OF A WHALE

The thing that interested me most in the museum was a large jawbone of a blue whale. The thing was so immense that I could hardly believe that it was a real jawbone. It was about twelve to fourteen feet long, and had the appearance of a long flat rock. I

could just see that large whale swimming about in the ocean. The men that caught it must have been brave men to tackle a large thing like that. Standing beside it, I had to laugh to think how small and silly my jawbone would look next to it. —*Bessie Evans*
(Eighth Grade)

If you have been interested in what Sheldon Jackson students write, you will be interested also in what they become after they have been graduated. Many have been in the armed forces of our country, of course. Most of the boys eventually become fishermen. A few go to college. Two are already ministers, one is a doctor, and others are in civil service positions, the merchant marine, a cold storage plant, and a cannery. Most of the girls marry and bring up Christian families. A few are nurses and teachers. Others are in college, in offices, in factories, and in Red Cross work.

S.J.S. boys understand modern machinery



Sharing the Work

Besides regular lessons, there are so many activities at Sheldon Jackson School that it makes one dizzy to think of them all at once. Every student is required to do ten hours of work every week, work which will help the campus program and help pay his way. Some of those who can afford to pay very little tuition work longer hours.

These excerpts from *The Verstovian* are printed here to give you some idea of the many-sided activities of the school. They don't tell you of the regular cooking, dish-washing, table-setting, and janitor work which go on every day. You can imagine that.

Campus work is not limited to any special field. A boy may do anything from digging a ditch to taking one-thousandth of an inch off of a piston. There is a job that is being done now, and that is moving a twelve-ton tank to the top of a hill for oil storage. First the tank had to be rolled about a mile. Then the trees were cut to make a path for it up the hill. The progress is about 16 feet a day. It is due to jobs like this that the boys hope to gain experience for the problems and jobs which they will meet in the future. Our machine and carpenter shops offer excellent training with modern tools.

The older boys set out in the S. J. S. to cut hemlock trees, choosing them for size and uniformity, for the purpose of making a new log-haul, a slip or sled for bringing logs into the mill. In the sawmill they cut the heavy timbers for the ship. They also cut timbers for keel, keelson, deck beams, and other parts of a seine

boat they were making for a former student.

Thursday morning . . . ten high school boys began the task of cleaning the gym floor. . . . This job took one whole day to complete, and it wasn't an easy job, either. Now they are painting new lines and afterwards will apply two coats of varnish.

Housecleaning brigade



In the older boys' dormitory a team of interior decorators has begun a project of refinishing the boys' rooms. A boy who is particularly interested in painting heads the project.

In the student store many good apples have been stored. They take the place of candy, which is hard to get. This is a student co-operative store.

S. J. S. girls conduct a nursery school for two purposes—to help the children get along together, and to help the girls get ideas for the proper things for their pupils to play with.

The new oil-burning bake oven was installed with great rejoicing. The old one had given much trouble.

The science class visited the Sitka Geodetic Station.

Our school nurse is developing a strong health program with good results. The junior girls are taking a nine weeks' course in home nursing. They spend three hours a day in study and practical work.

S. J. S. had a six-day drive for the Red Cross. . . . The committee collected \$93.11 from the students, staff, and persons in the cottages.

Eleven lucky boys were chosen to go on a basketball and missionary tour of Southeast Alaska. The boys practiced playing on small

floors, played actual games, and then helped the ministers conduct services. Some of the boys gave speeches and sang songs accompanied by two guitars. They visited Kake, Petersburg, Wrangell, Metlakatla, Angoon, and Ketchikan. The boys "brought home the bacon" in all the games excepting at Ketchikan. More, they learned to take part in evangelistic services.

About two weeks ago we had a World Day of Prayer service in which we prayed for the sick and suffering and for the people who have not yet found God.

The Southeastern Alaska Young People's Summer Conference will be held on the campus of Sheldon Jackson School. In the past this bi-racial meeting of young people has developed a wholesome spirit of fellowship.

The S. J. S. choir presented Handel's *Messiah* Sunday evening. The music was enjoyed by a large and appreciative audience.

The annual Awards Day program was held Thursday afternoon. The highest award presented was the blue and gold S. J. S. letter. To be eligible, a student must maintain a C average in all classroom studies and a B average in citizenship and work for the entire school year. The faculty selects the winners on a basis of 500 points, considering daily Christian living, leadership, and participation in school life.

CHOIR TAKES TRIP TO JUNEAU

The commander of the naval air base at Sitka was in the audience when the S. J. S. choir gave its Christmas recital. He asked, "Why don't you take the choir on a tour of the States?" Well, that was not at all practical—it was too hard to arrange, and it was too expensive. But there might be a shorter trip, Mr. Yaw thought. (Mr. Yaw is the superintendent of S. J. S.) The choir might go to Juneau in the spring.

The choir members were thrilled to think of it and hope for it. They began practicing with all their might on 17th century chorales, choruses from Handel's

Messiah, Negro spirituals, and modern anthems.

Freshman girls baked pies and cookies—dozens of them—for the trip, and prepared other food. Everybody helped.

When the great day came, 16 tenors and basses boarded the *S. J. S. II* and 24 altos and sopranos boarded the *Princeton-Hall*, another motor ship used by Presbyterian missions. At Juneau they gave a concert in the school auditorium, the proceeds of which were saved for a new school building. They had tea at the Governor's mansion, broadcast a program with transcription, over KINY, sang at church on Sunday, and went to see the Mendenhall glacier.

You can see how easily all the affairs of Sheldon Jackson School are made the affairs of the Christian life. Basketball and church services are part of the same trip. The building of a boat helps to carry choir music over Alaska.

More than this, the work of Sheldon Jackson School is a point at which the problems of all Southeastern Alaska are touched. Its graduates are leaders for good in the whole territory.

One of these graduates, the Rev. Percy Ipalook, has summed it up well: "For years before the first missionaries came the native Alaskan merely lived. Today he realizes what he lives for.

"As you all know, we have for our motto, 'Competent Christian Citizens.' The most important thing that our school does for the native Alaskans is the training for Christian citizenship. . . . The principles of Christianity are not only taught but are shown in daily life by our faculty. . . . The school gave us a realization of responsibility."

In November, 1945, a meeting of the Alaskan Native Brotherhood was held in Angoon. One of the items on the docket was the promotion of a new building for the Sheldon Jackson Junior College. Here are parts of the speeches of two well-known Alaskans. You can see what they think of giving to a school like Sheldon Jackson.

Master Builder of the S. J. S. and *Princeton-Hall*—Andrew Hope: "We don't wish to become wards, but we seem to revert to that. An education is the only solution. The liquor situation can be corrected in great part by education. Education can be applied to almost any problem. The S. J. S. has kept up with the times and now they are taking another step in that direction: the Junior College. . . . There is a joy in giving, in seeing what that contribution does. All the children at S. J. S. are young and don't

have much, but they have made pledges that total almost \$1000. If the required sum is raised by April, the contract will be let and the old building torn down. This convention should instruct the delegates to promote this program in every way possible."

Minister at Juneau—Walter Soboleff: "We must give till we feel good about it. I attended Dubuque University for seven years. It took ten days to get there. All Alaskans desire to return in spring and once I even tried to hitch-hike. I ask you for two reasons: 1. Many boys and girls do not wish to go too far to school nor do parents wish it. So S. J. S. Junior College offers real opportunities. 2. The school will give a greater chance not only for the young but for the adults as well. No other school has a longer continuous service than S. J. S. Now they are taking the new step. You are on the stand tonight for you are being called to do what you can. S. J. S. has a fine policy. There is no discrimination: both whites and natives are welcome. Beginning next October, day workers will be admitted for three months with pay to promote their work. This school stands for what the ANB (Alaskan Native Brotherhood) also stands. Pray for this project, this worthy cause."

You see the native Alaskans are eager to give all they can. But they can't do it all. In order to keep this school going and growing, junior highs in the States have taken on responsibility, too. When young folks in Alaska are trying to amount to something, even under difficulties and in the face of temptations of all sorts, we can't let them down. The staking of more claims is greatly needed, and surely you will not fail in doing your part.

SUGGESTIONS FOR USING THE STUDY SESSION MATERIAL

Study Session 1

Study the picture of the S. J. S. II and either make an enlarged drawing of it or a small model to represent it. How many uses for it can you name? See if you can answer these questions:

1. Who started the S. J. S.? What are some nicknames for him? Why are they good ones? Of what New Testament hero does he remind you?
2. Where is Sitka? Describe the country around it.
3. How is the mission school different from the way it was before 1900?

Study Session 2

Practice reading these selections aloud. Let the best readers prepare to read them at the Super Session.

Study Session 3

Make a list of different activities mentioned in the Third Study Session. Divide your group into two sections and see which group can name the most. Don't let one person name more than one activity until everybody has had a turn.

Study the program for the Super Session and practice for it.



Sharing the Play

In looking over the pages of *The Verstovian*, it is easy to see what the young people at Sheldon Jackson enjoy in the way of recreation: radio, skating, hunting, boating, basketball, movies, skiing, quiet games, stunts, and music. Surely in this list you can find several suggestions for parties. Here are some of the kinds of parties that actually have been held at the school: a waffle supper, a waffle breakfast, a Christmas bazaar, plays, pageants, musical programs, skating parties, skiing parties, a Hallowe'en party, a taffy pull, a musical tea, a Valentine social, a banquet. Now any one of these might serve to remind you of Sheldon Jackson School. Music ranks high as a favorite. How about trying a waffle supper with music, Alaskan stories, and pictures for entertainment? No doubt you have musical talent in your group, and you could use good records too. Your library should be able to furnish some Alaskan stories.

As part of your entertainment you might use some of the pictures the Board of National Missions provides:

130N—*Under the Northern Lights*, motion picture, 1 reel, silent. 15 minutes. Service charge \$1.25. This picture shows how Sheldon Jackson students may become "Competent Christian Citizens."

55N—*Uncle Sam's Attic*. 32 stereopticon slides. Service charges \$1.00. After sixty years of mission work in Alaska.

504N—*Sheldon Jackson School*. 35 slide transparencies. Service charge 50 cents. Shows what's doing right at the school.

Sheldon Jackson School. Twelve 11x14 mounted enlargements. 15 cents service charge.

Christian Indian Youth Wins in Alaska. Set of story pictures. Free except for postage both ways.

Sitka Youth Conference, Sheldon Jackson School. Set of story pictures. Free except for postage both ways.

Order from your nearest Central Distributing Department (addresses are on the back of this leaflet). Be sure to give the name of your church and the date when you want to use the pictures, and return promptly.



Night game of
fox and geese

Sharing Your Findings

PROCESSIONAL HYMN: O Worship the King, All Glorious Above

CALL TO WORSHIP: Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord my God, Thou art very great; Thou are clothed with honor and majesty . . . Who laid the foundations of the earth, that it should not be moved forever. Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment, the waters stood above the mountains . . . Bless the Lord, O my soul. Praise ye the Lord.—Psalm 104

HYMN: Christ for the World We Sing

INTRODUCTION OF THEME (*by the Leader*):

Today, we are going to present to you some of the findings we have made in our study of Sheldon Jackson School in Sitka, Alaska. We know that this high school and junior college is considered the best boarding school for native Alaskans in all Southeastern Alaska. We know that one thing that makes it good is that the boys and girls there know their Bibles. For our Scripture Lesson, we are going to use a Scripture verse acrostic which was worked out at the school and published a few years ago in the school paper, *The Verstovian*.

S. J. S. ACROSTIC (*by twenty young people*)

Seek ye the Lord while He may be found.
Jhim that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.
Senter ye in at the straight gate.
Look unto Me and be ye saved.
Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you.
Oh give thanks unto the Lord for He is good.
Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name give praise.

Jesus said, "I am the Truth and the Life."
Acquaint thyself now with Him, and be at peace.
Come, let us sing unto the Lord.
Keepest thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile.
Serve the Lord with gladness.
O Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not His benefits.
Now is the day of salvation.

Seek and ye shall find.
Come unto me all ye that labor and I will give you rest.
Honor thy father and thy Mother.
Obey the voice of the Lord so thy son shall live.
Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it saith the Lord.
Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord.

TALK: The What and Where of Sheldon Jackson School

PRESENTATION: Items from *The Verstovian*

PRESENTATION: Model of S.J.S.I., with talk concerning its uses

HYMN: Jesus Saviour, Pilot Me

POETRY AND SKETCHES: Written by Sheldon Jackson students

TALK: Our Responsibility

OFFERING

OFFERTORY HYMN: Jesus Calls Us; O'er the Tumult

BENEDICTION: May the Lord God of all the earth and all peoples on the earth unite our hearts and minds in service to Christ Jesus our Master and Lord.

In His Name, *Amen.*



"Do you now promise . . . to walk worthy . . . ?"

NOTE: Just as this pamphlet goes to print word has been received that the name of this Friendship Frontier has been changed to

SHELDON JACKSON JUNIOR COLLEGE

It is too late to write it all over again, but please remember when you prepare your programs. Congratulations to the COLLEGE!

THE PROSPECTORS' PACK

Complete Outfit

St. Lawrence Island, Alaska

Unaka Parish, Southern Mountains

Newcomers Christian Fellowship, New York City

La Marina Neighborhood House, Puerto Rico

Sheldon Jackson School, Alaska

Tucson Indian Training School, Arizona

Allison-James School, New Mexico

Larimer High School, South Carolina

10 cents each

60 cents per package

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1945

the new alaska

Three articles written by
JANETTE T. HARRINGTON
with photographs by JOSEPH H. ELKINS
reprinted from *Presbyterian Life*

The New Alaska

from the issue of December 1, 1959

Northernmost Pastors in the 49th State

from the issue of January 1, 1960

The Brush is Their Beat

from the issue of February 1, 1960

Plus a statement:

Washington Synod and Alaska

The NEW ALASKA

YOU SEE new faces in the congregation, and you don't know where they've come from or how long they'll be around," observes the pastor of a United Presbyterian church in Anchorage. An active layman in the same city adds, "To an outsider, this probably looks like the same easygoing town. But when you live here, you can read the signs of new activity."

What the signs seem to say is that big, sprawling, lusty Alaska is bursting to go, and that changes already in process will affect the life of the Church. A recent swing through the forty-ninth state revealed the thinking of United Presbyterian laymen and ministers about Alaska's new status. Consensus was that some of Alaska's enormous potentiality

is about to be realized, and that the Church needs to be alert to such inevitable changes as: population growth, new business activity, new-old social problems, and greater family stability.

"You Presbyterians are doing a wonderful work in Alaska," said a Baptist military chaplain at a summer camp for servicemen's children at Harding Lake. But Presbyterians are restless and are asking, "What is our Church's commitment in the new state? What are we going to do about it?"

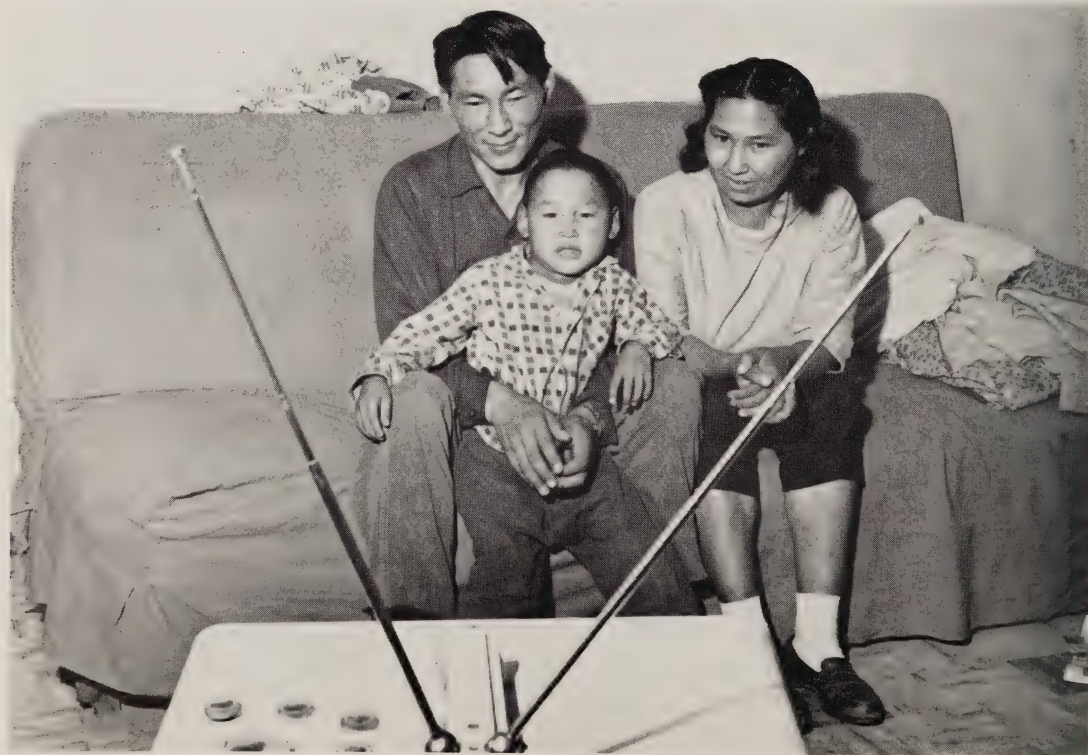
Historically, Alaska has a mission heritage as glowing as any in the United Presbyterian tradition. Pioneer Sheldon Jackson moved in on Alaska with missionary ardor when it was still a giant-sized X on the newly enlarged U. S. map.

Shortly, a valiant woman, Amanda McFarland, took up a lone post near Fort Wrangell to teach Christianity, English, and manners to native girls. Another Portland lady in shirtwaist and bustle, Fanny Kellogg, went north to teach in the Sitka Training School founded by Sheldon Jackson, stayed to marry another missionary stalwart, the Rev. S. Hall Young. Like Jackson, Young was so slight that he was refused a foreign missions post; yet he rushed with the prospectors over the rugged Klondike Trail and held religious services in rough-hewn bars and in tents. Eskimos hunting whale and caribou in the flicker of the Northern Lights have known Presbyterian missionaries for seventy years.

"We must look to the future, not rest

Changing times in the 49th state are indicated by this family of city-dwelling Eskimos tuned in to TV. Until recently Wesley Aiken made his livelihood hunting whale, caribou, walrus around Barrow. When a boat overturned and he lost

all his gear, he moved to Fairbanks, now drives a truck for a building firm. Part of the Eskimo congregation of the Fairbanks church, the Aikens had the help of fellow members in unraveling the mysteries of modern city ways.



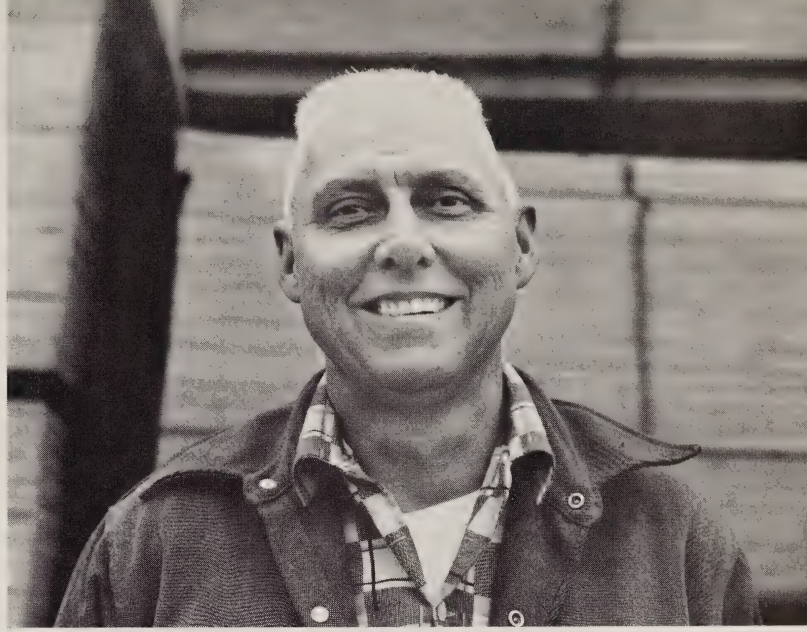
on the laurels of the past," says Dr. R. Rolland Armstrong, president of Sheldon Jackson Junior College and long-time church spokesman in Alaska. Fairbanks pastor Brian Cleworth put it another way: "Sure, we have problems. But that's nothing new. A chap named Sheldon Jackson had problems, too."

"The nation is helping the new state get ready for its governmental responsibility. The national Church must help the Church in Alaska provide full Christian ministry," sums up Dr. J. Earl Jackman, secretary for Alaska for the Board of National Missions.

Interviews with United Presbyterians in Ketchikan, Sitka, Juneau, Anchorage, Fairbanks, Barrow, and points between give indication of what the major developments creating tension points for the Church are likely to be:

1. Population growth. A sociological axiom has it that every new state has experienced an immediate upward surge in population. Alaska is no exception. Visitors are flocking in because they are curious to see "America's last frontier." New residents filter in, in part because they are drawn by the "romance" of being in on the development of a new state. Some follow the rainbow of free land and unlimited opportunity, heedless of government warnings of financial hazards and backbreaking labor. Some newcomers head north for quite ordinary reasons: their company opens a new office, or they see a chance to ply a needed skill. As long as Alaska retains its strategic role in national defense, its military population will be a major element.

Says Robert Atwood, Presbyterian elder, and editor and publisher of the *Anchorage Times*: "We know they're coming. We don't always know why or if they know what they're in for." The press made much of the caravan of Michigan '59ers that jounced up the highway to make a new start in a new state. But during the same period 208 Anchorage residents filed homestead claims. Also indicative is the gust of activity that has boiled up on and near the Kenai Peninsula after oil findings touched off long-term petroleum explorations by major companies. Since according to Mr. Atwood, "lack of roads is a major hindrance to Alaska development," these activities had a valuable side effect: homesteaders and private opportunity-seekers followed along the access roads cut by the oil companies to haul in their drilling equipment. One chap hacked his way through



New business owner Wilbur E. Plett, 46-year-old Iowan who has lived in Anchorage since 1954, banks on its future with his name on the dotted line. He and two others have opened up a building supply place, are counting on new housing going up to keep them busy. He is an elder in Woodland Park Presbyterian Church.

the brush for three days to claim a likely site, looked up to find a helicopter hovering overhead with three other men aboard with the same idea.

As Alaska's chief city and marketing center, Anchorage is a focal point for much of the conjecture about Alaska's future. A member of the city planning committee recalls that when the wartime population was still that of a small town, planners predicted with some bravado that the city might some day reach 15,000. Today Anchorage hovers between 65,000 and 70,000, not counting the personnel at two nearby military bases. A Benton and Bowles projection gives the city 700,000 by 1978 (although other estimates are more conservative), and predicts that the new state's total population, now 230,000, will reach 1,132,000 by that date, both figures including the military.

2. Straws in the wind. The signs of quickening activity are read from many straws in the wind. New-home building includes for the first time ranch-type models in the high-price range. With linking highways and paved streets at a minimum, Alaska doubled road construction this year. Construction of two new supermarkets at Anchorage was taken as a hopeful sign that astronomical

food prices might eventually settle back (current examples—bread, 50 cents a loaf; milk, 45 cents a quart; watermelon, 17 cents a pound). Cultural activities—symphony concerts, little theater groups, art exhibits—were on the upswing. Twice as many tourists snapped pictures of totem poles and real live Eskimos.

"Statehood — and recognition — have given Alaska a new confidence," observes Editor Atwood. More local men are going into new businesses for themselves. A vigorous real estate boom is in the making; the story is told of a Britisher who flew from Hong Kong to Anchorage round trip to snap up some promising property. "For the first time, Alaska is getting money to invest."

With this kind of activity afloat, churches are caught in a squeeze play. In Anchorage, church sites wear price tags in the \$35,000-and-over range. In other cities, levels are only slightly less. "If the Church doesn't move fast," churchmen say, "the choice lots will climb out of reach."

3. Stirrings in the brush. The changes are also evident away from population centers. At Wasilla, in the homestead belt, the minister's wife reports that cabins once on the edge of settlement now have two or three neighbors farther



Farthest north church in the Presbyterian family is the Utkeagvik Church in Barrow. All but a handful of its 500 members are Eskimos. The mission dates from 1891 when Sheldon Jackson, aboard the "SS Bear," sailed north to start Presbyterian work above the Arctic Circle. Rev. John R. Chambers is now the pastor.

Airforceman Kenneth Judstra has a typical-to-Alaska military task: to make the rounds of ACW (aircraft warning and control) units to service the controls for their giant radar screens. Active in the First Presbyterian Church of Fairbanks, he notes, "That first long cooped-up winter you start thinking, 'Bud, you'd better find some way to keep busy, or you'll go crazy.'"



to devise a way to make heavy-investment, still in the settlement stage, provides away from town. A waystation on the Alaska railroad has suddenly acquired about thirty children — enough for a church school. A new missile detection site is being slashed out of the wilderness at Clear. New little logging camps dot the inlets of the southeast.

The miles of empty wilderness between population points combine with the still-raw look of even Alaska's most progressive centers to give its people an air of perpetual typecasting for a series on pioneer living, modern style. Men in office jobs shuck business suits for flannel shirts at the drop of a whim for a quick run out to where untouched nature begins. In the main cities of middle Alaska dog teams with drivers in furlined parkas go unnoticed as they jog past windows showing up-to-date men's clothes, hi-fi sets, and furniture with foam rubber cushions. Woods still edge many a downtown business section, and modern apartments abut split-log cabins, compactly built to keep out winter's bone-cutting chill. A sleek yellow and white turbo-jet carries travelers above the northern stretches of tundra that used to be covered by dog-sled slowly, and with many hazards.

An interesting contrast of cultures has invaded the Arctic. An Eskimo church worker to the north observes that Eskimo

women now use nylon dental floss to sew their men's skin boots (mukluks). The day this reportorial team stopped by the minister's home in Wainwright on the Arctic Coast, a gathering of women in an Alaskan version of a quilting bee sat on the floor sewing together thick oog-rook hides to make a boat. Burlap protected their legs from touching the limp, smelly skins. But the lunch graciously served by the pastor's wife included tinned soup of standard brands.

What the frontier feel of Alaska mainly has to say to the Church is that general rules of thumb do not apply. "Alaska appeals to the individualists—the people with independent minds," comments one minister. "They like the pioneer feeling of cutting out a piece of work they can see for themselves."

"The best thing about Alaska," confirms a young cattle rancher near Lignite, "is that if you want to try a new idea, what's to keep you? Back home, everything had to be done the way it had always been done before."

An Air Force chaplain encountered in Barrow remarked that after three months in Alaska he felt he never wanted to go back to his home city. Asked why, he exclaimed, "The pace! Up here, if you're socked in a day or two, you learn to let your work wait and not chafe about it."

"If you hear somebody say he's just wild about Alaska, just give him a year and ask him again," says a working housewife in Fairbanks. For many people living is anything but easy, but for some the high-figure pay checks buffet the boredom and the chill. A lumberman living temporarily away from his Washington State family in a bunkhouse in the southeast said a faller could clear as much as \$9,000 in a short season. "But I don't want to catch any boy of mine working in the woods," he wound up.

4. Business developments. High pay checks and the high cost of living are two outward signs of Alaska's unclarified economic state. Incurable optimists, Alaskans talk about "unlimited opportunity," "future expansion bound to come." But as yet the new state lacks any major industry. Although its natural resources are enormous, someone has yet a slim market, and shipping costs to the outside remain prohibitive.

But Alaskans think that state control will result in an increased tapping of natural resources. Already the ring of the ax is more frequently heard in the Tongass Forest, which blankets the

islands and slopes of the water-threaded southeast. A pulp mill in Ketchikan, and ones planned for Sitka and Juneau, will provide a market for carefully culled hemlock and spruce. Regulations are partially in force to ban the use of the "fish trap," which Alaska fishermen feel has fatally depleted the state's waters of its rich salmon catch. There is talk afoot of a giant new hydroelectric project on the Yukon.

These prospects do not presage a "crash period of development," says the **Church social worker Isabel Miller shuttles over southeast Alaska to iron out family difficulties and to tag care-starved youngsters for home at Haines.**

Secretary of State. Realistically, Alaska is moving up from a crawl to a slow walk.

5. Military population. The presence of large military complements creates an obligation for the Church. All the churches near military bases maintain an open door for the families of servicemen. A cooperative project of considerable merit is the summer camps held for servicemen's civilian families.

The chaplaincy program on base is important in itself. The chief of chaplains at Fort Richardson (Army) outside Anchorage reports that a network of chapel-related activities, from choir and church school to leadership responsibility, enmeshes a sizable segment of men and their families. Such off-hour activity, says Chaplain Robert Homiston, goes a long way toward minimizing the loneliness and depression that often accompany service in Alaska. Even isolated stations have a flying chaplain to hold services each Sunday.

6. Social concerns. The social problems of a growing state are another target for church-member concern.

Alaska is noted for its high liquor consumption. Some churchmen attribute this fact to the high ratio of unattached men with time on their hands and no need to save money for a family future. It is thought the problem may level off with the greater family stability of longer-time residents.

Around Juneau, Ketchikan, and Sitka, drinking has become a problem because of the family upheavals stemming from the decline in the fishing trade. The Reverend Paul Moser of the Presbyterian church in Ketchikan comments that when he first arrived he noted what he thought was an unusually high incidence of alcoholism. Later he concluded that



the heavy drinking was symptomatic; men deprived of their lifetime trade, and forced to find new ways to earn a living, were finding release from uncertainty and from family discord at the local bars.

High on the docket for new-state government attention are laws to establish liquor curbs, law enforcement, and other controls. "There is no need for the churches to fear Alaska will become another Reno," says the Hon. Hugh J. Wade, Secretary of State, "We'll get our money from some other form of taxation." Early this year, the Alaska State Council of Churches invited Dr. Clifford E. Earle and, later, Dr. Howard Maxwell, of the United Presbyterian Department of Social Education and Action, to consult with them on how to quicken Christian conscience in a clean-slate situation. Out of this conference came a decision to send a letter to all members of the state legislature pointing out that Alaska's social problems were matters of mutual concern; that as individual Christians they had the same reason as the Church as a whole to watch for legislation that would assure maximum protection.

Homesteader David Philo scrapes out roots to clear a section of tract he and his wife are developing in Matanuska Valley. To "prove up," homesteader must strip and till an eighth of his land in three years, live on it seven months a year. Ohio-born Mr. Philo is a deacon, his wife elder and choir leader in Wasilla church.

7. Child care. Attention to needs of children is another prime social distress point. The abrasions of several cultures—American ways in Alaska were top-layered on Thlingit, Haida, Tsimpshean Indian, Eskimo, and Aleut—have an especially disastrous effect on the young. "In the old Thlingit culture," explains a social worker in Juneau, "the mother, not the father, had responsibility for support. It's hard to get today's father to accept that responsibility, and there's no longer a way for a mother to feed her brood." In one instance cited, a small baby was left in the care of a four-year-old girl until neighbors complained of child neglect; in the old days this would have been considered perfectly proper.

Thlingit fisherman Walter Williams of Kake has spent a fifty-year lifetime trawling for salmon, watched southeast Alaska's major livelihood dwindle to precarious level, as catch of ten to fifteen thousand falls to five hundred. A graduate of Sitka Training School—now Sheldon Jackson Junior College—Williams plays horn in Salvation Army band.

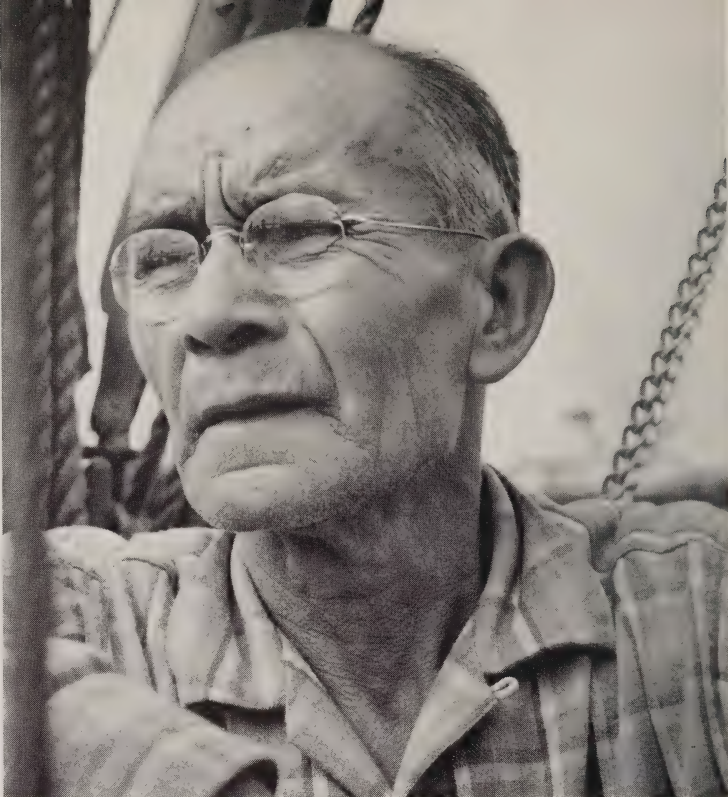
Presbyterian action on this front includes: Haines House, a home for neglected children; Hospitality House, a temporary haven for Alaska-born girls new to Fairbanks; and the services of a missionary social worker in Juneau.

8. Education. "It will be a good many years before the public school system can catch up with families settling back in the brush," states Dr. R. Rolland Armstrong, president of Sheldon Jackson Junior College. A national missions school equipped for dormitory living, work experience, and training "for competent Christian citizenship," Sheldon Jackson gives young native and white Alaskans a way to live away from home while attending school through high school and two years of college.

An adjunct is KSEW, "The Voice of Sheldon Jackson," a mission-operated radio station which beams programs of high quality and Christian content to the area around Sitka.

9. The summing up. Church authorities are not in total agreement as to what ought to be done about the United Presbyterian enterprise in Alaska. In the main, discussion centers on where and how to enlarge the Church's ministry and provide new churches for a growing population. A sum of \$100,000, allocated

Church social worker Isabel Miller shuttles over southeast Alaska to iron out family difficulties and to tag care-starved youngsters for home at Haines.



to date, is slated for purchase of strategically located sites in Anchorage and Fairbanks.

Paradoxically, few of the present congregations are expected to grow rapidly enough to qualify as self-sustaining churches any time soon, and a stipulation for the use of new church funds is that congregations will begin to pay back within three years. Of Alaska's thirty-two churches, twenty-seven are now missionary parishes; two of the four in the fast-growing Anchorage area are mission-supported. The minister of the Spenard church in that city reports that only recently has his congregation begun to show signs of stabilizing. Before that, every time a good set of leaders was built up, servicemen's rotation depleted the group.

In the course of heated debate, Alaska churchmen point to the reportedly sizable sums being put in by other denominations "as an investment in the future" and urge Presbyterian demonstration of the same boldness that prevailed in Sheldon Jackson's day.

On the other side of the coin, Alaska churches have to take their place in line with the beleaguered many in the "South

48" requiring funds for new church needs. Around Los Angeles, lots also sell for \$35,000 and up. In the Chicago area alone, there is need for fifteen churches in the city and fifteen more in the metropolitan area in the next few years. The population of five million in urban Chicago compares with 230,000 in all of Alaska. To qualify for ready-money, expansion of the Church's ministry in Alaska would have to be placed ahead of other known needs that have an equally valid claim on general mission funds.

States Dr. J. Earl Jackman, secretary for work in Alaska, "For many years the Presbyterian Church led all denominations in the scope and volume of its ministry to Alaska. We have not kept up during these last ten years.

"Three distinct needs lie at the door of the Church: (1) more itinerant work for homesteaders in areas of scattered population; (2) a stronger program with better building facilities in aided fields which give promise of growth; and (3) new projects in the suburbs of cities. The Church in Alaska is not yet strong enough to undertake these responsibilities alone. Support for these new needs must come from the Church at large."

THE States of Washington and Alaska have been one synod since 1881, when Alaska (then a territory) was added to the bounds of Columbia, now Washington, Synod. Alaska's two presbyteries—Yukon and Alaska—together cover more than 586,400 square miles. Because of the great distances between the presbyteries and their synod and because the presbyteries' programs have been, and are, almost totally missionary in character, administrative responsibility for Alaska church work has been lodged in the Board of National Missions.

Believing that "the time has come for some adaptation of the pattern of administration in Alaska because of the general psychology of a 'new day' . . . generated by the coming of statehood," the Board of National Missions and the Synod of Washington recently worked out a new plan to supervise church work in the new state. Responsibility is still assigned to the Board's Department of Work in Alaska, but a new administrative council, representing the department plus the synod and its presbyteries, will meet yearly to review the Alaskan program, consider the needs, and work out a budget.

To enable Alaska's thirty-two churches to participate more fully in synod affairs, United Presbyterians in both Washington and Alaska this June voted to tax themselves an additional twenty cents a year per capita. The money will cover the expenses involved in getting more Alaskan pastors and elders to synod meetings and will provide for a yearly meeting of major synod committees to which Alaska's presbyteries will send their respective committee chairmen.

Northernmost Pastors in the 49th State

By skin-covered boats and light plane, two ministers visit isolated Eskimo villages of the forty-ninth state

AN INCIDENT of profound hidden meaning occurred last winter on the Arctic coast. Two Eskimos hunting in sixty-below weather were caught in a driving blizzard. The younger of the two became separated from his father when the latter stopped for rest at a remote fishing village. Later the father, who thought his son was close behind, returned home with the lead dog team. For two days the boy, his dogsled loaded with caribou, wandered in a wide circle that took him around Barrow and brought him out on the coast not far from the two monuments erected to Wiley Post and Will Rogers on the site of their crash. Eventually rescued, he explained that although he knew about where he was, he couldn't find his way home because he was "too full of circles inside."

Straightening out the Eskimo's "circles inside" is as good a way as any to describe the work that goes forward under The United Presbyterian Church U.S.A. on the rim of the Arctic Ocean. Young John R. Chambers, pastor of the church at Barrow, is a flying parson who helped

scour the countryside for the missing hunter in the mission's light plane, the *Arctic Messenger III*. Besides serving the church at Barrow—it has about 500 members of the 1,400 Eskimos and 60 non-Eskimos living in the village—he flies to Barter Island and Anaktuvik Pass to hold services. His schedule at these outposts is uncertain, however, owing to coastal fogs which make flying unpredictable.

Samuel Simmons, the pastor's chief helper, is a native-born Barrow lay worker who has remarkable gifts and even more remarkable stamina. Once scheduled for theological training "outside," Samuel had to spend a period in a tuberculosis convalescent bed instead. He translates English into Eskimo during certain church services and preaches at all-Eskimo services. Samuel also teaches in Sunday afternoon church school and helps drill teachers in a Saturday night run-through. What he probably enjoys most is the game nights which help break the deadly paralysis of Barrow's most common complaint: "nothing to do."

This July, to get away from Barrow's

summer "heat wave" (temperatures 35° and above), Samuel Simmons and his wife, Hester, took their ten children down the coast for a camp-out and hunting foray shared with other families. Supplies for the camping trip demonstrate how Eskimos have adapted modern inventions to their way of life. The men took along outboard motors and guns to hunt whale, caribou, walrus, and ducks when they were not whiling away hours in the lee of the skin boat. Because store-bought rubber boots have largely supplanted hand-sewn leather footgear for summer wear, a supply of tire patch went along. So did candy bars. But among other essentials, Simmons carefully packed his well-thumbed Bible and found time to gather the children together for Bible classes.

Sixty miles the other way by the sea, the Rev. Roy Ahmoagak has been given new impetus on a project long close to his heart—translating the Scriptures into his native Inupiat. "Eskimo Preacher" (*P.L.*, December 9, 1950) told of its beginning: how Ahmoagak, like the fleeing man in Francis Thompson's "Hound of

Heaven," could not escape his destiny to preach; how, after theological work at Bloomfield Seminary and linguistic training in the States, he painfully translated Mark, Romans, and part of John into his native tongue. Pastor for nineteen years of the Wainwright church, "Rev. Roy" now has a collaborator, the Rev. Donald H. Webster of the American Bible Society. They are at work on a three-year project.

Tackling it as a team, the two have completed since January three epistles and the remainder of the Gospel of John, and have moved on into First Corinthians. Webster, a Canadian trained at the language school of the Wycliffe Bible Mission, looks for nuances of pronunciation and meaning; Ahmaogak contributes rich familiarity with the complexities of Inupiat and Eskimo customs. In conference they determine such questions as how to say in a way that has meaning for an Eskimo such words as "camel" (beast of burden with hump on back), "honey" (bee's ointment), or "love" (as in Greek, Eskimo has several varieties, running from "nakuakkun"—I like—to "piviuttakkun"—someone very dear to me).

Ahmaogak carries on another unique service; by hitching his radio to an oscillator, he can broadcast daily devotions and Christian messages to home sets as far as the village's edge. His ministry accounts for marked improvement in spiritual tone in Wainwright, indication that those "circles inside" are being made to vanish.



Pastor Ahmaogak, using homemade adapter to his radio, broadcasts late-at-night devotions to nearby villagers.

Skin-covered boat shields Pastor Chambers and others from chill ocean winds on outing. During the trip, they shot caribou and ducks for use as winter food.



THE BRUSH IS THEIR BEAT

Using boats, railcars, and station wagons, Presbyterian chaplains comb the wilderness of the forty-ninth state

NOT LONG AGO an Alaskan minister from the *Anna Jackman* tied his outboard to a low-lying dock and climbed ashore to make a pastoral call. Halfway up the path he was confronted by an angry man, who growled, "Go see somebody else. We don't want you around here."

The homesteader's blunt attack was one of the frostier of the unpredictable welcomes that greet the missionary pastors who rove the transportation arteries between the forty-ninth state's cities and towns. Some of the folk they call on live in such isolation that any visitor at all is welcome. A good many other Alaskans are polite, but uninterested in what the ministers have to say to them. Almost all of the former churchgoers respond eagerly, however.

In the most remote camps in the brush, the keynote word is surprise. The Reverend Joseph E. Heckel, who covers a 200-mile stretch of undeveloped country along the Alaska Railroad, one night hiked several miles up the tracks to drop in on a section house that bunked a work crew. When he pushed open the door and introduced himself, one of the railroaders exclaimed in surprise, "This is the last place I'd expect to see a preacher in a white shirt." (The white shirt was not Mr. Heckel's typical attire; a sky-pilot in the brush usually wears the camping clothes and thick-soled shoes in keeping with the rugged territory he serves.)

Among the hand-picked team of missionary pastors in Alaska assigned to minister to scattered families who live

off the beaten track, Joe Heckel, chaplain for Alaska's only railroad, occupies the near-dead-center strip, running south of Fairbanks toward Anchorage. A long jump to the southeast, the Reverend William W. Zeiger and the Reverend Richard T. Stussi spell one another aboard the motorship *Anna Jackman*. At points along the Alaska Highway, Highway chaplain John Bartholomew, at Tok Junction, and the Reverend Neil E. Munro, pastor at Delta Junction, carry on an outpost ministry among families attached to various service posts.

Different in detail, the ministry of these roving pastors is startlingly alike. Bill Zeiger points out that the folk who live in the woods are twentieth-century frontiersmen. In exchange for independence and a feeling of "living away from the hurly-burly," they put up with trying circumstances and difficult jobs. It's a rugged, outdoors way of life primarily offset by spectacular scenery, and front-door fishing (salmon, halibut) and hunting (moose, bear, caribou).

Neil Munro adds confirmation. People who live along the Alaska Highway, he says, are "more courageous even than they know. They come up here without much capital, and then that first hard winter hits. Often they hate it. Some can't stick it out. But even those who leave often come back."

An elder in the Railbelt Church, who is also a mine executive at Usibelli, says, "Nearly everyone in Alaska is running from something. Those who were restless and dissatisfied back home look on this as their last big chance." High pay scales help shore up feelings of inadequacy; miners at Usibelli and Suntrana earn as much as \$15,000 a year.

The very pattern of nonconformity and independence that appeals so enormously to new Alaskans makes for poor receptivity to the work of the Church. A few scattered spots have chapels or home churches, but the prevalent frontier spirit robs the churches of a prime mainland crutch: nobody up here goes to church because it's the expected thing to do. "Those who become interested almost have to go through a conversion

New-style highwaymen are chaplains John Bartholomew (left) and Neil Munro, who visit homes along Alaska's main road. In background is Mr. Munro's chapel at Delta.





The Reverend William W. Zeiger, one of the Presbyterian chaplains who ply the Alaskan waterways aboard the *Anna Jackman*, stops in at a lumber camp to chat with a logger.

experience—and real conversions to the Christian faith are slow to come about,” comments one pastor.

Bill Zeiger, whose rounds include fishing villages and lumber camps on the green slopes of the Southeast, tells of a conversation with a strapping logger at Edna Bay. The chap was in a spiritual quandary; back home he had tried to find a church he liked, but certain things about churchfolk troubled him: “Good as gold on Sunday, but look what they do on Monday and Tuesday,” Zeiger explained the churchgoing did not automatically crown folk with halos; that they bring into their church affiliation their frailties and shortcomings as well as their abilities. “The church is not made up of perfect people but of people who know they need God,” he concluded.

Joe Heckel uses almost identical words to counter skeptics on the railbelt who feel they “had too much church” when they were kids or who likewise indict churchfolk for hypocrisy. “Railroaders are sturdy, hard-working folk who feel they’re doing okay—they don’t cheat, don’t kill one another, are kind to their children. Why, they ask, should they go to church?” Heckel sums up an often-heard attitude.

One aspect of wilderness living that opens a crack in the door for the church workers is the almost killing boredom. When a summer worker held vacation church school at Suntrana, the thirty-two youngsters who turned out could hardly be persuaded to go home. Midwinter is worse; temperatures in mid-Alaska fall to 70° below, and the winter dark blots out all but a few hours of light a day. Folk who live in the warmer Southeast arm are housebound for long periods by near-constant rain or snow and heavy fog. Barring outdoor sport, family activities, and neighborly tiptling, there’s almost nothing to do. If a rural Alaskan doesn’t happen to be the outdoors type, he has it rough.

John Bartholomew on the highway says that in nearly every home he visits on pastoral calls the women complain about being “penned up in this little place.” The trailers, cabins, or shacks they live in are characteristically small, and so-called cabin fever is a common complaint.

In a new settlement in a clearing near the rail line, a young mother worked out her own solution to a similar problem. Becoming disturbed when her three children began to bicker and throw rocks at one another, she began to take them



Mrs. Richard V. Nelson, wife of the missionary in charge of the *Anna Jackman* and Bill Zeiger come ashore to visit a cabin along an inlet in southeast Alaska. Ship also calls at villages, canneries, lumber camps and government stations.

on her lap and talk soberly about such questions as “Who heals your hurts?” and “Who brings the rain?” One night a neighbor woman happened by while this was going on, wondered if her children couldn’t get in on it, too. Out of this grew an informal Sunday school hour, for which Joe Heckel drops off story papers whenever he comes by.

In a situation patently calling for slow cultivation, the roving pastors make countless friendly calls. They set up church school classes to reach children (and indirectly their parents), engage in endless casual conversations, and make themselves generally useful. (John Bartholomew was drafted as deputy U.S. Marshal once when no regular law officer was around to apprehend a drunken driver.)

“All you can do is to preach and teach and let those who have ears hear,” says Joe Heckel.

“Just having a minister around is a reminder that the church exists,” he goes on. One purpose served is to sharpen awareness of the difference between right and wrong. Heckel notes that many a chap uneasy over personal conduct comes to him to “confess.” Increasingly, men come to him with their problems. “Our being here reminds them, too, that God is a help in time of trouble.”

There are times when talk about the deeper things of life fits naturally into normal conversation. Bill Zeiger says a man will comment on how difficult it has been in the woods with work so uncer-

tain. In reply the preacher says, “It’s good to have faith in something that is certain.”

But such comments are introduced warily, out of respect for another’s personality. “People here have their own ideas. It’s not fair to run over them roughshod.” Often these ideas include a firm, if unformed, religious belief. “The Lord could have took me yesterday when that log careened around; he must have had his eye on me.”

Now and then comes a heartening experience, like the time the crew of the *Anna J* stopped by a coastguard station where men serve on “isolation duty,” a year at a stretch without leave. The officer in charge offered grace at meals, explaining simply, “I like to keep the faith.” The United Presbyterian team left copies of *PRESBYTERIAN LIFE* and the Revised Standard Version of the Bible. On their next trip they learned that the unit had been reading from the Scriptures every day.

The mother who, with Joe Heckel’s boost, inadvertently helped start a Sunday school summed up in a sentence the case for these ministries in the backwoods. A Fairbanks minister had tried to persuade her to bring her children into town for church school. She explained it would be too complicated a trip, on a one-train-a-day schedule. “Besides,” she said, with her mind’s eye on her thriving though-tiny Sunday school group, “we live closer to God, and have more harmony right here than we could possibly attain in a big city church.”



Trainmen's children come running at sight of Joseph E. Heckel. Soon he will hoist them aboard railcar home of their church-school teacher (*left*). Mr Heckel covers a 200-mile stretch of wilderness territory along the Alaska Railroad.

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